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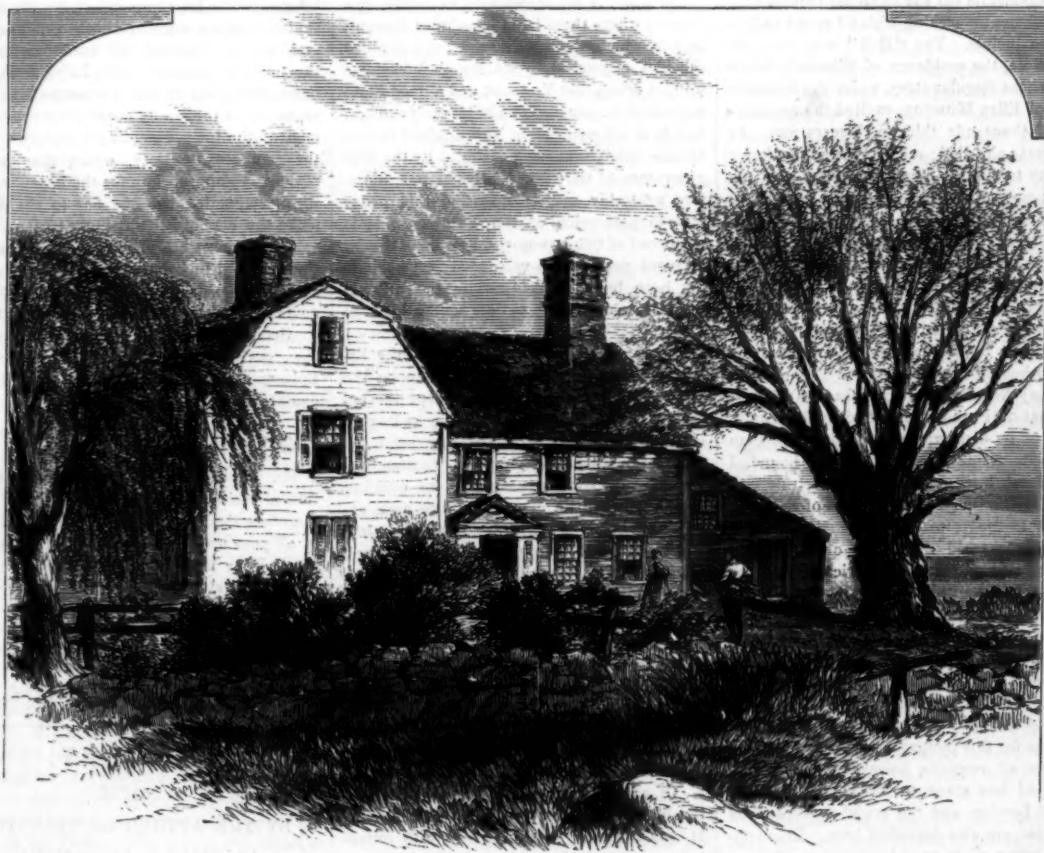
GENERAL PUTNAM'S BIRTHPLACE.

ON a bright October afternoon, the railway-train set me down at the station in Peabody, Massachusetts. The air was crisp and bracing, with here and there a blush in the sky

"Like pale rose-chaplets, or like sapphire mist."

thing—if you drive, the horse is your master, and I am persuaded it must have been some such enforced contemplation of the animal that drew from Dickens his ludicrous comparison between the body and legs of the horse. If you are driven, ten to one your outlook is

tling of the vehicle did not prevent your distinctly hearing a word of it. In either of these two cases you lose the exercise of walking, which puts heart of grace into a man. Without giving, therefore, more than a passing glance at the odd collection of vehicles drawn



BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM.

With a pair of good feet, which seldom fail me, and a stout hickory stick for a companion, I could well afford to commiserate the good folk who drove, or were driven away, in their carriages, to the four points of the compass. Perhaps this statement requires explanation. Supposing it to be your object to see every

bounded by the stone walls which inclose the road on either hand, or your attention nervously fixed by the driver, who points out objects of interest you have come miles to see after you have passed them by, and imparts information which, for aught you know, might be both valuable and entertaining if the rat-

up before the station, and of which no two were alike, I contentedly set about my investigations.

The most populous part of the old town of Danvers is united to Salem by a continuously-built street, so that it is not easy to discover when you have left the one and entered

the other. In this now bustling section the eminent banker and philanthropist, George Peabody, was born. The town has now taken his name.

In taking a survey of the principal street, the eye is arrested by the monument, erected in 1835, in memory of the valiant men of Danvers, who fell on the Day of Lexington. Near this monument was formerly the old hostelry known, from its sign, as the Bell Tavern. The publican being also a dealer in chocolate, affixed to his sign-post, underneath the bell, a board inscribed with the couplet:

"Francis Symonds makes and sells
The best of chocolate, also shells."

Here the patriot troops, on their way from Salem to Cambridge, in 1775, halted for refreshment. In the absence of an organized commissariat, the commanding officers were, in those days, usually authorized by the selectmen of the towns to refresh their men at the inns along their route. On one occasion, where the utmost haste was necessary, Timothy Pickering, not having time to call the selectmen of Salem together, made himself personally responsible for the expenses incurred by a detachment marching with all speed to join the provincials. The "Bell" was also, for some time, the residence of Elizabeth Whitman, whose singular story, under the fictitious name of Eliza Wharton, excited the sensibilities of thousands thirty-odd years ago. In this house she died; and, such was the desire of many to obtain a memento of her, that the stones erected over her grave were near being carried away piecemeal.

Danvers, in the aggregate, is at present made up of several widely-scattered villages; the manufacture of shoes being the principal industry. A standing toast of the Crispins is to this effect: "Danvers—may she have all the women in the country to shoe, and the men to boot!"

Every New-England town has its library, and that of Peabody, enriched by the munificence of its distinguished son, is more than ordinarily attractive. As in duty bound, I visited the institute, to see the portrait presented by her majesty, the Queen of England, to Mr. Peabody, to whose remains greater honors were paid than have ever, I think, been accorded to any American who has chanced to die within the dominions of a foreign power.

The portrait is an oval, beautifully done in enamel by Tilt, and is encircled with golden emblems, the crown above, the queen's cipher below. The artist's pencil has not kept pace with the waxing years of Victoria, who might have sat for this picture twenty-five years ago. It is in all respects, however, a regal gift. The gold box given to Mr. Peabody by the city of London, and the medal presented by Congress, are also deposited here. These objects being of great value intrinsically, are placed in a fire-proof vault, sunk in the wall, and covered with glass. It being a holiday when I was there, an unbroken line of visitors constantly passed before the depository of the portrait, until it appeared as if "the majesty of England" were holding a royal levee in the midst of a republican commonwealth. The simplicity of the queen's attire, there being no insignia other than the ribbon and

star, was an evident disappointment to many, who clearly expected to see her decked out in full regalia, with a golden crown upon her brows containing the "inestimable sapphire," and a sceptre in her hand—so unattractive is royalty when divested of its trappings.

The house in which Nathaniel Bowditch lived with his mother, when a child, is still standing in Peabody, near the road to Danversport. From the windows of this house the future mathematician obtained those glimpses of the new moon that filled his young mind with admiration and awe.

Follow the well-beaten road out of the town, and we shall successively pass by Governor Endicott's farm, the house in which General Gage resided, when Boston was shut up, in 1774, and the Old Witch Neighborhood, the scene of the "Reign of Terror," in 1692. A mile beyond, we ought to halt at the house in which Israel Putnam was born.

It stands at the junction of the Newburyport turnpike with the road from Salem to Andover, and is about six miles distant from the former and ten from the latter town.

So slight is the attachment to locality in a country where there is no hereditary descent, and in which the youth have fully imbibed the idea expressed by Mr. Douglas when he said, in effect, that Vermont was a good State to be born in, provided you left it early enough, that it is not common in New England to find houses which have been occupied by the fifth generation of the same family. I was, therefore, agreeably surprised to find this house still in possession of the Putnams. It is composed of two structures, belonging to very different periods, the more modern part having been built in 1744, while the original house is conjectured to date as far back as 1650.

The ancient house nestles among the Essex hills, with nothing to break in upon the quiet which unfolds the place except the occasional whistle of the locomotive as it goes rumbling along its iron pathway hard by. Formerly a little brook, in which Putnam may have angled, trickled near, but the building of the railway has compelled it to seek another channel. A willow of enormous girth stands sentinel before the door, its trunk seamed and disfigured with cavities. Notwithstanding the wrenching of the elements, the tree is still in a "green old age," and, for every limb reft away, has put forth a dozen in its stead. Half a mile nearer Salem is a quaint old house, in which a brother of the general lived. General Rufus Putnam, a valuable engineer officer of the Revolution, lived at Sutton, a mile and a half from the place of Old Put's nativity.

Of course I made haste to stand within the chamber in which the general was born. It is a cramped little bedroom, with rough-hewn posts at the corners, and projecting beams overhead. It remains just as when the eastern sun came shining through the panes to greet the astonished vision of young Putnam. The rafters in the garret still show fragments of the bark adhering to them, while not a vestige of the forest from which they were cut remains. A stand of bullets, moulded for some Frenchman, of Montcalm's day, and a hanger, such as were worn by officers prior

to the Revolution, were among the souvenirs of a military life remaining in the house.

Israel Putnam was born in 1718, his grandfather having been the first immigrant of the name who settled in Danvers. He married Sarah Pope, of Salem, and removed to Pomfret, Connecticut, when he was twenty-one. Every stage of his history—boyhood, manhood, and mature age—is filled with incidents illustrating his activity, courage, and address. This has made him the popular idol of his day. In Danvers they still relate how Putnam overcame a ferocious bull he had been sent to drive home. The animal, having at first driven him from the pasture, young Put put on a pair of spurs and returned to the field, where he gained a position behind a large tree. The bull again attacked him, when Putnam, seizing his enemy by the tail, sprung upon his back. Plunging his hooves in the sides of his fiery steed, the animal, maddened with rage and pain, rushed into a miry part of the field, where he stuck fast.

One of the traditions of his stay at Cambridge, where he commanded the American centre, is of an amusing character. The general, having "pitched his headquarters" in the house of a certain tory, Ralph Inman by name, Mrs. Putnam was accustomed to take an airing in the family coach; but the selectmen of the town, resenting this free use of the refugees' property, which they hoped, perhaps, to appropriate for the benefit of the town, compelled her one day to alight and make the best of her way home on foot. It is said that the wrath of the general was something fearful to behold, and that such oaths as he hurled at the unlucky selectmen were never before heard in the old university town.

General Lee, who had a sort of grim humor, gave the following introduction to an Episcopal clergyman, who coveted the acquaintance of Old Put:

"HOBGOLIN HALL, October 19, 1775.

"DEAR GENERAL: The bearer of this is a Mr. Page. He has the laudable ambition of seeing the great General Putnam. I therefore desire you would array yourself in all your majesty and terrors for his reception. Your blue-and-gold must be mounted, your pistols stuck in your girdle; and it would not be amiss if you should black one-half your face.

"I am, dear general, with fear and trembling, your humble servant,

"CHARLES LEE."

MY STORY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

(Published from Advance-Sheets.)

CHAPTER III.

AN EXPLANATION.

My mother's strength came back more rapidly than the doctor expected. Just a week after the night that he had despaired of her recovery, he said she had better go up on deck and sit there for a little.

I was very unwilling. I had not seen Captain Brand since that dreadful night, and I shrank from him. He had not come to the cabin even to ask how my mother was. There was a poor girl on board, a *protégée* of the old clergyman, and she waited on us and got all we wanted.

My mother had not once spoken to me of the marriage, or of Captain Brand, and the doctor's warning kept me silent. I was too much afraid of agitating her to begin on the subject; besides, I did not wish to discuss it on board the *Adelaide*. I was helpless at present. When I had got my mother safe away all by myself in England, I could persuade her to do as I wished.

I looked at her wistfully when Dr. Maxse went away, but I saw she was preparing to obey, so I kept silent.

"We shall not stay long," I thought.

We found a most comfortable resting-place. A sofa had been brought up, and an awning stretched over it, and cushions and wraps enough for half a dozen invalids lay scattered about.

But I would not praise any thing, I felt that all this care was due to Captain Brand. I settled my mother comfortably among her cushions, and opened my book to go on with our reading, for I had read to her constantly during this week of recovery. Just as I began, I heard some one coming along the deck. I knew the firm tread at once—my hands got cold and my face hot, but I tried to look determined. I fixed my eyes on the sea, shimmering and glittering in the sunshine. I did not even turn my head while Captain Brand was speaking to my mother.

Speaking in such a low, gentle voice, full of tender deference.

"Yes, he can be gentle now—he has got all he wants, the hypocrite; I hate him."

I said this to the sea.

"Gertrude, my dear, here is Captain Brand."

For an instant I thought I would not shake hands with him; but I changed my mind. It would be well not to acknowledge any change in our relations to one another.

"I will be exactly the same as if nothing had happened, and then he cannot presume to be different."

For, although I was only sixteen years old, I was a lady, and, as it seemed to me, made of quite different clay to this big, awkward-looking captain of a merchant-ship.

I gave him a lifeless hand; but, when I felt the firm clasp in which he held it, I could not act out my resolution. I had meant to look fully at him, and, instead, I hung down my head for very shame of the burning blushes that seemed to scorch my eyelashes. I pulled my hand angrily away, and jumped up. I could hardly keep from crying with anger at myself. I, a lady—why, I was behaving like a little foolish school-girl, "a sort of creature like Dora in 'David Copperfield'." I thought I had always felt an intense dislike to that very uncomfortable and impulsive young person.

Neither my mother nor Captain Brand took any notice. I had rarely joined in their talks; why should I join now? I walked up and down as far from them as I could.

"It must come now. As soon as that

hateful man goes away, mamma will call me to account, and I can't be a hypocrite. I suppose"—here I could hardly keep from crying again—"I must not show her all my disgust, for fear of agitating her. I hope Dr. Maxse is right about this; but he has not always been right. When I think what that first mistake of his caused, it seems to shake all belief in him out of me."

"Gertrude!"

I looked back at the sound of my mother's voice. Captain Brand was sitting beside her. As I drew near he got up, but I did not look at him.

"I am going below with the captain. He will come up and tell you when we have finished our chat."

He gave her his arm as tenderly as if she had been his mother. I watched them out of sight, and then a great bitterness came to me.

"My mother actually likes this man. She places confidence in him. Can she really mean him to be my husband?"

I was left alone with my thoughts, more alone than I had been for some days. My mother had required constant care during this week of recovery.

I began to try and realize this marriage.

Had my mother repented her haste, and was she now willfully deceiving Captain Brand, and trying to keep friends with him till we landed? or could it be possible that she thought I should consent to become his wife?

There was not peace or rest in either thought. I walked faster and faster up and down the deck. At one of my rapid turns I met the captain face to face.

"Will you go to Mrs. Stewart now?" He spoke gently, but he did not look at me—he was plainly as indifferent as I was myself. When I got to the ladder, he did not even offer me his hand.

So much the better; I should only have refused it. My cheeks grew hot again.

"Perhaps Captain Brand only consented to the marriage from compassion, to please my mother. It is scarcely likely a grave, quiet man of thirty—I am sure he is as old as that, and thirty is an immense age—it is not likely he can wish to be burdened with a useless, wild young creature of sixteen. But I am not going to be his wife, even if he does wish it. Still, it is dreadful to think he only offered to marry me out of compassion."

I felt vexed with myself and every one else by the time I reached the cabin.

My mother looked eagerly at me as I came into the cabin. She seemed very tired; she was sitting in her easy-chair, propped up by some of the cushions Captain Brand had carried down.

By a contradiction I had no power to struggle against, my tongue broke loose:

"How badly that man has placed the pillows—how awkward he is!"

This was not true. I had not then learned how skillful the tenderness of a man's nursing can be.

"Hush!" My mother took fast hold of one of my hands, and put an end to my fidgeting among the cushions. "Sit down here, my darling. I have very much to say, and I may not be long with you, Gertrude."

"Mother"—I hid my eyes on her knees—

"you get stronger and better every day. You never have been so ill as Doctor Maxse made you think you were." I looked up at her as I ended. Such a sad, sweet smile came over her face.

"You must not be deceived, Gertrude. There is so little life left in me that any shock would destroy it. I believe that only Captain Brand's proposal and the revulsion it caused saved me then."

I raised my head. "I can't understand it," I said, indignantly; "I should have thought it would have made you miserable." And then I was so frightened at my own words that I threw my arms round her and kissed her.

But my mother was very patient.

"Listen, my dear child; you had better know all at once. I was taking you to England—a ruinous expense, Gertrude, in your father's present circumstances—in the hope of finding you a home there. I think you know that your father and I offended all our relations by our marriage. Lady Chilham was the only person who has ever shown an interest in us, and through her I hoped to have effected a reconciliation; but the evening before we sailed came the news of her death; it seemed too late then to retract. I hoped that some unlooked-for chance might smooth my way; I feel now that I shall not reach England, and you cannot go among your relations alone and unprotected, as this would offend them."

I did not believe her fears. I thought she was only trying to reconcile me to the marriage.

"Mother, any thing would be better than Captain Brand."

She grew so white at my vehemence that I was frightened into silence. She pointed to the medicine, which always revived her, and I gave it. My fingers shook so, that I could hardly measure it into a wine-glass.

"If there had been time, Gertrude, you should not have been hurried; but, indeed, my darling, I am happy about you; you are too young to think of love or marriage either. Captain Brand is a considerate, noble-minded man; he says he feels you are too young, and he does not wish to claim you as his wife for two years at least. In that time, my darling, you will learn to love this good man; you are a dear child, but you are scarcely worthy of him, or able to appreciate him yet. I cannot tell you how highly I think of him."

I started up. I actually writhed; surely my mother was infatuated. Worthy! I, the daughter of Algernon Stewart, the granddaughter of the Honorable Duncan Stewart, not worthy of Captain Brand! but I kept silence.

"You are angry, dearest; it is only natural; you have been robbed of the right which a girl considers she has to choose her own husband, but I am not sure that this is a real idea; if we had gone on living in Tasmania, very likely your husband would have been chosen for you. In our class of life, Gertrude, a girl can so seldom consult inclination in marrying—"

"You did, mother."

I could not see my mother's face, but her voice sounded very feeble and broken.

"Yes, we did; but our children have paid the penalty of our obstinacy."

She closed her eyes, as if she were weary; but I could not have gone on talking. I was so young that, when a new thought came to me, I fastened on it at once, till I had made out what irritated my curiosity.

"Oh," I said, to myself, "I begin to understand; papa and mamma found out that marrying for love was a mistake; they never seemed quite as much lovers as I should like;" here I shivered at the thought of Captain Brand. "I suppose trials and worry do weaken love, and yet it seems to me a poor kind of love that is weakened by them, and I am sure mamma must love in the best possible way."

This was a puzzle; and, as I never was clever, I left off thinking about my parents, and came back to myself. It is not half so dull to think about one's self as about others: one can imagine and picture for one's self; with others one can only puzzle and wonder, unless, indeed, one is like old Miss Macnee, who is always settling the thread of other people's lives after her own pattern.

My thoughts went off in another direction; this was better than I had expected; he would not claim me for two years, my mother said. "Of course, I am not really married; and, if I get away so that Captain Brand can never find me, I can marry somebody I do love, and be ever so happy—some one young and bright, who has beautiful eyes, and who is a hero and a thorough gentleman. I am sure every one may be perfectly happy if they are careful just to marry the right person."

And then came back my mother's sad look as she had spoken of her own marriage.

"Dear me," my head began to ache with all this unwanted thought. "I wonder which I mean—the right person, or the person one loves; why can't they always be the same?"

Meanwhile my mother sank into a doze which lasted till evening; and these ideas about marriage had so disturbed me, that I got a book, so as to shake off the memory.

I had been reading "I promessi Sposi" with my mother, and I went on with it to myself.

It seemed to carry on my puzzle. Lucia's love must have given her some sure intuition that Renzo was the right man, or she would not have gone through so much for his sake; and then, again, Desdemona—Othello was not the right husband for her, of course, or he would not have murdered her, and yet she married for love—ah, but then I never could like Desdemona; she is deceitful; and, besides, she marries without her father's consent.

Here my cheeks grew hot.

"If I cared very much for any one, I should marry and please myself, never mind what my father said."

Then came a sudden knock at our cabin-door.

CHAPTER IV.

LEFT ALONE.

The mate, Mr. Stacey, opened it before I said, "Come in."

"By your leave, ladies, I must put you in the dark."

He went to our little window, and in a few minutes we were in total darkness.

"What are you doing, Mr. Stacey?" I said.

"There is a gale, I suppose," my mother said, gently.

I thought she was asleep, she had been lying some time with her eyes closed.

"Not much, but our captain always likes to be on the safe side," and I heard the cabin-door closed.

I groped about for a match to light the lamp. I had been sitting half asleep before Mr. Stacey came, and now, as I moved, I found that it was difficult to keep steady, the ship was rolling so. At last I managed to light the lamp, and then, in an instant, the cabin seemed to go upside-down, and every loose article in it flew into a heap in the middle. My mother was flung off her bed, and I found myself close beside her.

I was too much bewildered to feel actual fear. We both lay still; there was a fearful cracking overhead; then dashing, furious sounds, as if the sea itself were over us, and then a roar like thunder shook the ship.

I was terribly frightened now. If I had not had my mother to take care of, I believe I should have fainted with terror.

I tried to help her up, but she resisted.

"We had best keep still for a little, Gertrude," she said. "We are safe lying down; I have been in a gale before; it may go off as suddenly as it began, or it may last some time."

I wondered that she could speak so calmly.

"Is there—do you think there is danger?"

I asked this in an agony of fear. All my new-born hatred of life had fled. I could not be drowned in this dreadful, raging sea. I would not.

"I shall go and ask Captain Brand if there is danger; if he is worth any thing, he must save the ship."

I scrambled up on my feet, but, before I could cling to any support, I was thrown down again.

My mother stretched out her hand, and held my arm fast.

"It is useless," she said, "you cannot reach the deck, my darling; and if you could, you would be washed overboard. We cannot help; we can only be patient, and we can pray, Gertrude."

I had not thought of this, and it was a relief to be able to do any thing, though in those days prayer was a mere stated formality said out of a book. My mother prayed aloud earnestly, that we might be delivered from the fury of the storm. I tried to follow her words, but I could not. My throat was choked. Still, it was comforting to listen to her.

The lamp went out while she was still praying; but we were afraid to relight it.

Oh, how awful the darkness was, and how it doubled the horror of the furious, roaring sea!—for it was not the empty, silent atmosphere the word darkness creates; it was a blackness filled with roaring of wind and water, with the groans of the unhappy,

tortured ship as she strained and heaved under the mighty buffets that struck her, now on this side, now on the other, till I wondered she was not pitched reeling to the bottom.

I clinched my hands in agony; I felt so strong just then, it was maddening to be there helpless on the cabin-floor. Why, we might be drowned, cooped up there before any one could help us. Just as this thought came, my mother slipped her soft hand into mine. How cold it was!

I felt her face, and that, too, was cold. Here was something I could do. I folded my arms round her, and tried to keep her warm.

Hours went on in the dark silence, broken with us only now and then by my mother's faintly-uttered prayers; while overhead and all around the incessant tumult went on raging. It seemed to me impossible that any ship could endure much longer the violent blows which struck her. When I look back to those long, awful hours, I feel quite sure that I never did any thing so difficult in my life as that lying still and passive, with my mother clasped in my arms. Courage and daring would have been so much easier than that long spell of patience.

I must have fallen sound asleep. I waked suddenly and heard voices in the cabin.

"Then it is uncertain how far we are from land"—my mother was speaking.

"Quite."

I had so expected to hear Captain Brand's voice that I started when Dr. Maxse's came instead.

"The ship has been driven out of her course in this gale; it was the only chance of safety to let her drive. Captain Brand has saved the ship, but he could not save her from serious damage; but, please God, the worst is over. You see the men have such confidence in the captain that they work with a will."

By this time I had fully wakened; the din overhead had ceased, and I began to feel that the floor was wet, and that I too was wet and shivering.

Dr. Maxse stood close by me, lighting the lamp.

He turned round and looked at me.

"Ah, you are wet, Miss Gertrude. In half an hour or so you shall come on deck and breathe fresh air again."

I looked at my mother; she was deadly white.

"How long have we been shut up here?" I said.

"About eight hours or so."

He spoke quickly, and then he stooped down over my mother, and held a case-bottle to her lips.

"Have you got a biscuit anywhere, Miss Gertrude? your mamma wants her breakfast, and there's no knowing when the kitchen will be fit for use again."

I found it was easier to move, though I was stiff with lying on the floor, but the ship still throbbed and quivered as if each movement gave her pain.

Doctor Maxse followed me, and, as I opened the biscuit-tin, he put his mouth to my ear and whispered:

"The storm is over, but it has done terrible damage. Do not make a fuss about changing your wet clothes; if you have money or valuables, fasten them inside your gown."

I stood puzzled to try and make out his meaning, but he went back to my mother and helped her on to the sofa, and fed her with biscuit. Did he mean we were in danger, or had I fancied these words. I dared not question him; he was smiling cheerfully at my mother; evidently he wished her not to know. I looked at her, and her face was ghastly in its whiteness.

"Thank you, doctor." I trembled at the weak, quivering voice; "it is very good of you to come to us, but we must not detain you. I am sure you have patients who need you among those poor sailors." She looked at him anxiously, and I saw his face grow graver.

"There are just a few casualties," he said. "Well, Miss Gertrude, I will look in presently, and take you both upon deck, if your mamma feels better."

He went away, and my mother kept on eating biscuit. It seemed to me she was forcing herself to eat, for she asked for more after I had left off giving it. I stood trembling. I wondered whether she had heard the doctor's whisper.

"The doctor is right, Gerty," she said, presently; "we may still be in danger, though the storm is over."

She saw the terror in my face, and she smiled.

"We are in God's hands, dearest. He is with us quite as much in danger as He is in times of safety; you and I can do nothing to help."

"Oh—I can—I can!" I could not keep back a sob of agony; "I can go up on deck and see with my own eyes what has really happened; there is no use in being cooped up here in ignorance."

"Gerty—I—I do not want to be left." I knew she said this to keep me below; it was so unlike my mother to think of herself. "Will you find me my little writing-case, darling, and will you put your watch, and your rings, and any thing you want, and take care of it inside the body of your gown?"

It was very awful to hear her speak in this calm way; but the awe itself quieted me, and checked the wild terror Doctor Maxse's warning had roused. I felt suddenly that she had only me to take care of her, and that I must be strong and brave.

"I have only my watch," I said, "and my rings. I put all my other ornaments in my large writing-desk, and that is in one of the tin cases in the hold."

My mother did not speak again, and I tried to occupy myself with the lamp, it burned so very dimly. I longed intensely to see daylight again; the confined atmosphere must surely suffocate my mother, I thought—the cabin felt like a prison in the semi-darkness.

"Mamma"—I tried to speak very reluctantly—"it must be more than half an hour since Doctor Maxse was here. Now that the wind has lulled, the sailors cannot be busy. I shall go on deck, and get some one to unfasten the window. As we are the only

passengers, I really think Captain Brand is very neglectful. I must get this shutter opened."

I moved to the cabin-door, and stood there a moment looking at her—her face was whiter still.

In that instant while I looked, we were flung up in the air, and then we fell, with every thing else, on the floor, while the ship crashed and grated horribly, and then reeled over as if she were going to the bottom of the sea.

In that awful darkness, I thought, "Is this death?" and then, I do not know how long after, a strong arm lifted me up, and I was carried into daylight.

The sudden light made me close my eyes.

"All right, my men," said Captain Brand's voice, and I saw he held me.

"Save my mother!" I shrieked.

"All right, your mother is safe;" and he fastened me quickly to some rigging, and then I saw Mr. Stacey and one of the sailors placing my mother close beside me.

"Keep up a good heart—we shall be all right by-and-by," the captain said; and he went away.

I looked round—that awful crash was still quivering through my body, but my courage had not gone again. My mother looked less ghastly than she had looked in the cabin, and this cheered me. The ship looked terrible; one of the masts was gone; the starboard bulwark had been entirely carried away, and all the fittings of the deck had disappeared. I saw, too, that it was stove in in several places. We could see the fore-hatchway from where we were fastened, and, as I looked, my heart seemed to stand still. There was a knot of sailors there, baling water in buckets out of the ship.

I looked quickly at my mother, and I saw that her eyes were also fixed on the group.

"But, mother"—my own voice startled me, it was so hoarse—"I thought there were pumps to get rid of the water?"

She looked very grave.

"You may be sure that if the pumps were of any use they would be working; probably they are choked. I believe the ship will not hold together long."

As she spoke, I saw, on the farther side of the deck, three sailors lying motionless.

I guessed that they were dead, and I looked away, in the hope that my mother would not see them.

It is very strange to look back on those minutes. I do not think I had the least hope of escape; but I had no fear. Either the awe of the whole scene had blunted my senses, or, as every one else was calm and bumbled, I was controlled into the same state, I cannot tell. I lay watching the glimpses I got of the sea, for I could not see much, I was so low on the deck; the sailors baling with rapid energy of movement, and other sailors, near where we lay, busy at something else. Once I saw Captain Brand, but he passed out of sight again.

Suddenly a foaming wave came roaring over us; the ship reared up on one end like a frightened horse; if we had not been so

surely fastened we must have been washed overboard, and we felt the ship crunched down violently.

"God have mercy on us!" my mother's faint voice said; and there was a loud, sudden outcry from the men at the fore-hatchway; they ran up toward us, and began to unfasten the long boat. I looked for Captain Brand; I felt as if the men would desert us, and leave us alone to perish in the sinking ship.

In an instant—so sudden that he must have been quite near us—Captain Brand was among the sailors; he was so much taller than any of them that he seemed to tower above them all.

"Stop there!" The men stood still at once. I could not make out his next words, but he spoke as calmly as if there were no danger; and yet I felt sure the ship was sinking.

My mother closed her eyes; I tried to understand all that was happening.

I could not see over the ship's side now, but there was plainly some difficulty and delay in casting off the boat; I lost all my fear as I watched Captain Brand; I was fascinated by his firm energy, and by the implicit way in which the men obeyed his rapid, decided orders. It seemed as if he did not need a moment to plan or reflect; as if he had foreseen all this, and knew every detail of our situation, and what was needful. At last the boat was lowered, and he came up to us.

"Now, Mrs. Stewart"—he spoke quite calmly—"we must see about you; do not be afraid, every thing is going well; we have only one boat to trust to now, but it is the safest."

He unfastened my mother, raised her very tenderly, and carried her away in his arms.

He stopped and looked back at me over his shoulder.

"I will come for you when your mother is safe."

"No, no; send any one for me! Oh, don't leave my mother!"

I clasped my hands; even then he could smile cheerfully.

"I will save you both, please God; but your mother shall take no harm."

As soon as he was out of sight an icy coldness crept round my heart; I tried to see Dr. Maxse, but I could not; I caught a glimpse of Mr. Howard near where the boat had been launched, but there seemed only a few sailors left on board.

Then I remembered that a captain is always the last to leave a ship. Suppose Captain Brand came back too late to save me, and I was left alone with him on this doomed ship. I looked again; I could not see our sailor, and I felt sure the ship was lower in the water than when Captain Brand dragged me up on deck. Time seemed to go so slowly, and it was deadly cold.

I wonder which is best, to go down alone in the ship, or to perish with all the others in that boat? We may be hundreds of miles from land, after what Dr. Maxse said. I have read ghastly stories of shipwrecked people starving and dying, one by one, in the midst of the wide sea; I am growing dull and stu-

pefied with the cold; it begins to be like a dream, not a real misery happening to myself; I forget even to think about my mother.

Here is Captain Brand, at last. In an instant he has lifted me up, and is carrying me like a baby in his strong arms. Oh, what a shelter they feel to me!

He says, "Don't cling to me." I cannot see any thing, and I feel him loose his hold, and I fall, but I am not hurt. I am safe in the boat, and Mr. Stacey is holding me.

"Where is he?" I say. I cannot see Captain Brand; and then he leaps down into the boat, and in an instant we have got away from the side of the ship, for the men are rowing desperately; some of them are lying in the bottom of the boat; my mother is between me and Mr. Howard, and I see all this in a strange, unrealizing way, and then I speak to my mother.

I am close beside her, but Captain Brand has wrapped a cloak round her, which hides her face.

"Mother!" She does not answer, and I feel for her hand. I want her to know that we are close together, though we are cast adrift on that vast, cruel-looking sea.

Her hand feels icy cold.

"Mother, mother, speak to me!" My own voice startled me, there is so sharp a ring of anguish in it. I tear away the cloak from her face. Ah, there is no mistaking the pinched outline, the awful grayness, stamped there. But I must master Death myself; she shall not leave me!

"Doctor! Dr. Maxse!"

I looked round wildly. No one answers; and then I see that Dr. Maxse is not among us.

Captain Brand has gone to the helm. Mr. Howard and Mr. Stacey came at my cry, and tried their utmost to revive my mother; but very soon Mr. Stacey gives up his efforts, and goes to Captain Brand, and takes his place at the helm. I seem to feel that Captain Brand will revive her. He bends over her, and then he lays his hand on her heart.

Oh, the anguish I learn from his face! He draws the cloak quickly round her, and lays her gently down in the boat. I clasp his hand in both mine, and try to speak, but I cannot—I read the truth in his face.

Never till I die will this awful picture leave my memory; even now I can hardly write about it; but storm-clouds, still heavy, hung on the horizon, and a broad glare of sunlight glittering over the measureless space of heaving sea, glittering on the sinking ship now far away, and on ourselves, Mr. Howard and the girl I have spoken of crouching in utter misery; the sailors, with their brown, sad, downcast faces, rowing with all their might, some few lying exhausted at the bottom of the great boat; and Captain Brand looking at me with a great sorrow on his face. This is all I can remember distinctly. Every thing grows confused, and I lose consciousness.

I seemed to rouse from sleep; I opened my eyes, to find that I was being lifted up, and carried, it seemed to me, a long way upstairs, and then I was laid down gently on a bed, and I fell asleep again.

A DAUGHTER OF BOHEMIA.*

A NOVEL.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Most learned judge!—A sentence; come, prepare."

NOTWITHSTANDING Mr. Colville's anxiety for haste, it was not until the next morning that a constable arrived at Straford with a warrant of arrest for Captain Tyndale. His appearance fell like a thunder-bolt on the assembled party. To chronicle all the disjointed exclamations, and all the babel of discussion which ensued, would be to try the patience of the most long-suffering reader, and would, moreover, serve no purpose in advancing the history of events. Max himself, after the first shock, was perhaps (with the exception of Mr. Colville, and one or two of his most intimate subjects), the person least taken by surprise. Not that he had definitely expected such a result as this, but he had been so thoroughly conscious all the day before of the false position in which his reticence was placing him, that instinct may be said to have warned him of its consequences. Public sentiment, generally, was one of disapproving surprise. It was an underhanded piece of business, men said, who, whatever their other faults, believed in, and, as a rule, stood up for, fair play. Only two or three of Mr. Colville's immediate friends were found to support the measure. "Wait until you hear the evidence against him!" they said, nodding sagely.

As for Mr. Middleton, he was overcome with indignation when he heard the news. He blamed himself severely that he had not warned Max of the story which Giles had brought to him. "I ought to have done that at once!" he thought, as he went in search of the young man.

He found him in his own room, dressing, having lain down to snatch a little sleep in the latter part of the night, and having been ruthlessly wakened on the appearance of the constable and the warrant. If he had lost his composure in the first shock, he had by this time regained it, for he turned to Mr. Middleton with a coolness which excited that gentleman's surprise and admiration—though an under-current of emotion seemed vibrating through his voice when he spoke.

"I suppose you have heard what has happened," he said. "What do you think of it?"

"I think that I am more sorry than I can say that I did not warn you yesterday that your cousin's servant came to me with a story which I suppose he has since carried to more credulous or malicious ears, and of which this is the result," Mr. Middleton answered. "I take it for granted that you know what I mean. Something about a difficulty between Arthur and yourself?"

"Giles!" said Max, starting. A flash of light seemed to come to him. "So it was Giles, was it? I did not think of that. And you say he came to you with the story?"

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by D. Appleton & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

"He came to me yesterday afternoon, and when he found that I paid no attention to it, he went—so I judge from what I hear downstairs—to Colville. You know Colville. You won't be surprised to learn that he is at the bottom of the whole affair."

"No, I am not surprised," said Max; but he stood for a minute apparently lost in thought. "I mean I am not surprised that Mr. Colville, who seems to dislike me, should be ready to believe any report to my discredit," he added, after a while; "but how he or any one else could think this—"

"Colville dislikes every one who does not belong to him body and soul," said Mr. Middleton, dryly; "but you need not go far to find a reason why he dislikes you particularly, or why he is ready enough to credit even this—you are the heir-at-law of the Tyndale estate."

"Good God!" said Max, with uncontrollable agitation, "but that makes it all the more terrible! How can any man believe that I—the heir-at-law, as you say—could have laid violent hands on Arthur; that I could have left him dead and come back to sleep under his roof; that I could—Great Heaven! is it for that they suspect me of murdering him?" demanded he, turning upon Mr. Middleton, with passion and horror mingled in his face.

"It is very likely they have not stopped to think about it at all," answered the other. "A sort of frenzy seizes people at such times, you know; a fever of suspicion and doubt. Colville is a sort of moral bulldog, moreover, and there is no more use in appealing to his sense of reason than there would be in appealing to a deaf man's ears, or a blind man's sight. The magistrate who issued this warrant—Purcell, of Wexford—is a blockhead also, and very much under his thumb. You can scarcely appreciate the nature of the charge better than I do," he went on quickly; "but, surely it will not cost you much trouble to prove the groundless folly—I may say the infamous outrage—of it!"

"I cannot tell," said Max. "It ought to be easy; but with such men as you describe, who knows? One or two points may tell against me." He drew on his coat as he spoke, then paused a moment; his bronzed face grew paler than it had been before, his eyes were cast down, his hand went as usual to the long ends of his mustache. "Who knows?" he repeated. "There are one or two things which it is impossible to explain—the cause of the dispute between Arthur and myself, for instance."

"Was it a serious dispute?" asked Mr. Middleton, anxiously. "You will excuse the question, but I should like to know."

He was interrupted by a tap at the door. "Ready, sir?" asked the constable's voice on the outside.

"Yes, I am ready," answered Max. "I hope I shall be able to clear myself," he said, turning to Mr. Middleton; "but, if not—"

"I am going along to stand by you in any emergency," interrupted that gentleman. "I ordered the dog-cart when I came up, and we'll drive over, settle that insolent English rascal, and bring Purcell to his senses, before breakfast."

"You are very kind," said Max, grate-

fully; but it is likely that he had his own reasons for not feeling quite so sure of accomplishing these desirable results, either before breakfast or after, as Mr. Middleton did.

When they went down-stairs, they found a number of horses and buggies before the door, and a number of men assembled in the hall and portico. The whole clan were evidently intending to follow the prisoner into Wexford. There did not breathe one man with soul so dead that he was not eager to hear the examination. Indeed, the sensation of to-day almost paled the sensation of yesterday, and the living Tyndale suddenly became of infinitely more importance than the dead one, even in the eyes of the friends and kinsmen who had gathered to do the latter such scant honor and reverence as it is in the power of life to pay unto death. When Max appeared, there was a movement which was almost unanimous toward him. Men pressed forward to shake his hand warmly, to express indignation, sympathy, and hearty wishes for his speedy release. He thanked them briefly, and then, accompanied by Mr. Middleton, and followed by the constable—who looked decidedly sheepish, as if he felt rather ashamed of his part of the business—he walked to the dog-cart and sprang in. They drove off rapidly, and with various degrees of speed every man followed—leaving only Arthur behind, with the calm serenity of his face unruffled by this paltry tumult of life.

Mr. Colville had gone on to Wexford considerably in advance of this, and, on entering the justice-room, neither Max nor Mr. Middleton was surprised to find him in consultation with a tall, gaunt, gray-whiskered gentleman who was plainly the magistrate. They were both sitting behind a table on which lay a greasy book and some papers. Giles, looking rather uncomfortable, was standing by a window not far off, and had watched Captain Tyndale's arrival. Mr. Armistead was not visible; but a dozen or so other men were lounging about, or gathered into knots talking. Some of them were from the country, others belonged to the village. These last stared with undisguised interest and curiosity at the prisoner, who was also the heir, as he entered. Mr. Middleton and himself were talking as they came in, but they broke off before any one could catch the subject of their conversation, and the former gentleman, advancing up the room, addressed one of the ministers of justice very unceremoniously.

"Well, Purcell," he said, "here is Captain Tyndale come to see what the devil you mean by such a confounded piece of folly as this."

"I am glad to make Captain Tyndale's acquaintance," said Mr. Purcell, bowing gravely, "though I should have preferred making it under other circumstances. I shall be happy if he is able to prove that the charge brought against him is unfounded—but I am sure you are aware, sir" (turning to Max, who also had advanced), "that a magistrate is bound to do his duty, and that it would have been impossible for me to dismiss without examination such a grave charge as this which is brought against you."

"Since the charge has been brought, it is of course your duty to examine it," said Max. "You will excuse me if I say that the sooner

that is done the better. I cannot defend myself until I know what is alleged against me."

He sat down as he spoke. Every one present noticed the perfect coolness of his manner. Yet he knew well what was coming.

It came at once, for there was no delay in the proceedings. Mr. Purcell may or may not have been a blockhead, but he was at least a good magistrate—a man who did not waste time, who knew the law passably well, and who had a mind sufficiently clear to seize the strong points of evidence. Giles, being summoned, testified on oath to the circumstances which he had already related—to the "difficulty" between the two cousins, to Arthur's angry words and excited manner after Captain Tyndale had left the house, to his having seen him follow his cousin, and to having heard Max return after midnight—alone. When he finished, Mr. Purcell turned to Captain Tyndale and asked what he had to say in reply to this strong array of circumstantial evidence.

The young man rose to his feet with no trace of nervousness in his manner, though his dark eyes were glowing in his pale face.

"With your permission, sir," he said, quietly, "I will answer by putting a question or two to this witness, who seems anxious to afford some material for gossiping wonder in a case so mysterious as the one under consideration—though I am sorry to be obliged to bring forward a fact which otherwise need not have transpired." Then, turning to Giles, he continued in the same tone:

"What condition was your master in at the time of the 'difficulty' you have just described?"

Giles's face had fallen during the first part of the foregoing sentence. Perhaps he had scarcely been aware how much the motive attributed to him had influenced his course of action, until the idea was thus put into words. It fell still more, however, at the concluding interrogation. He colored, cleared his throat, hesitated—but Captain Tyndale's keen eye was on him; he answered at last, stammering:

"He was a little—he 'ad been drinking a little too much, sir."

"A little too much! Was that all?"

The man looked down; his face answered the question plainly enough, but his inquisitor demanded words.

"Well?" he said.

"He—he wasn't at himself, sir."

Max turned to the magistrate.

"As I said before, I very much regret being compelled to bring forward a fact which I should not have mentioned to any one—much less publicly—if the necessity had not been forced upon me in this way. I will now make a plain statement of what has just been presented in a very distorted light:

"On Saturday night, at a dinner-party at Mr. Middleton's, wishing to speak to my cousin, I looked through the company, both in the house and on the lawn, without finding him. I had observed at dinner that he was drinking too much—and afterward I noticed that his face and manner both showed the effects of this to one familiar with him—though, to an ordinary observer, he was at that time apparently sober. As I could neither see nor hear any thing of him, when I was searching for him, I thought it likely he had become conscious

that the wine he had taken was affecting him, and had therefore gone home, and I followed, intending to see him for a few minutes, and then return again to Rosland—as I afterward did—it being still early in the evening.

"I was surprised and concerned to find Arthur in the dining-room, with wine and brandy before him. He had been drinking deeply since his return home, and it soon became evident to me that he was not in a condition to speak rationally on any subject. I made one or two efforts to talk to him; that is, to induce him to listen to what I had to say; but, as he was perfectly impracticable—being, in fact, too much under the influence of wine to know what he was doing or saying—I rose to go. With the folly of a drunken man, he began to complain of the manner in which I was treating him, and placed himself before me to prevent my leaving the room. I had just put him aside—quietly, of course—and turned to the door to go, when it opened, and this servant entered the room. He accounted for the intrusion by an excuse which satisfied me at the time as reasonable enough; though his subsequent conduct proves that he must have been watching about for some mischief-making purpose."

"No, sir!" here interposed Giles, in a half-deprecating, half-indignant tone. "If you will allow me to speak, sir?" he added, and, Max not objecting, he went on, with some excitement of manner: "It was just as I told you at the time, sir. I 'ad no wish, and I 'aven't any now to make mischief, but I didn't know what to make of there being a light in the dining-room that time o' night—"

"Very well," interrupted Captain Tyndale, cutting short the man's flow of words, and again addressing the magistrate. "I left the room and strolled back to Rosland. Finding it later than I had thought, I did not go into the house, but, after smoking in the grounds for a while, returned to Strafford, and immediately went to bed. The next morning at five o'clock I was awakened by my cousin's servant, with the information that his master had not returned home the night before. Though rather surprised to hear this, I was not alarmed until I suddenly remembered a circumstance which had occurred while I was in the Rosland grounds the last time; the recollection of which made me a little uneasy. This was the sound of a pistol-shot in the direction of the bridge. I had attached no importance to it at the time; but now the more I thought of Arthur's non-appearance, the more strange it seemed, and I grew very uncomfortable, not to say alarmed, at the idea that there might be some connection between the shot I had heard and his absence. Considering his condition when I parted from him, there was no telling what he might have done—or where he might have gone. I thought it not improbable that he had started to go to Rosland, stopped by the way, been overcome by sleep, and spent the night in the open air. At all events, I could not leave Strafford—as I was intending to do that morning, to take the train at Wexford—without ascertaining what had become of him; and so I walked toward the bridge, purposing, if I did not find him asleep somewhere by the way, to go on to Rosland and see if he were there. Before I reached the

bridge I met Lewis, one of the Strafford servants, who had just discovered his body."

His voice sank at the last words: something of the grief and horror he had felt at the moment to which he alluded, vibrated through its tones, as every one present could not but observe; and the short pause he made was unbroken. After an instant, he resumed:

"These are the circumstances, which have been distorted and exaggerated by my cousin's servant into what you were pleased to call 'a grave charge,' sir."

Again there was a short pause: Mr. Purcell hesitated, and even looked slightly embarrassed. He had opened his lips to speak, but to what effect did not appear; since at this instant Mr. Colville, who sat close beside him, and who had been moving impatiently in his chair, leaned over, and said a few words in his ear. The magistrate's face cleared.

"You say you heard a pistol-shot while in the Rosland grounds. Did the rest of the company, who were in the grounds at the same time, hear this shot also? and did no one express surprise at such a circumstance, or think of ascertaining what it meant?"

"As I mentioned before, I found it later than I was aware it was when I looked at my watch shortly after entering the Rosland grounds; and, supposing probably that Mrs. Middleton's guests were dispersing by that time, I did not go on to the house, but turned aside and sat down on the steps of a summer-house, smoking for a while: after which I returned to Strafford."

"You did not see any one at Rosland, then? You cannot call upon any witnesses to testify as to your presence there?"

"I cannot produce any witnesses," answered Max, quietly.

Mr. Purcell shook his head. "That is unfortunate," he said; adding, in a tone which was equally compounded of gentlemanly apology and magisterial pomposity: "All men are equal in the eye of the law, and in legal affairs the same formality is required in all cases. However unimpeachable the character of a man may be, these formalities are demanded and must be complied with. I am sorry to say, Captain Tyndale, that the fact of your not being able to bring testimony to prove your presence at Rosland, makes a rather strong point against you—in law. The witness there"—he pointed to Giles—"testifies on oath that on Saturday night—the night on which Mr. Tyndale came to his death—there occurred a difficulty amounting to a personal collision between the deceased and yourself; that you left the house shortly afterward, and were followed almost immediately by the deceased; that he—the witness—heard you return after midnight alone. You say yourself that you entered the grounds of Rosland, but did not go to the house, or see any of the company assembled; that you turned aside to a summer-house, and, after some time spent in smoking, returned to Strafford and went to bed. You say, also, that, while in the grounds at Rosland, you heard a pistol-shot in the direction of the bridge; that you attached no importance to the circumstance at the time, but the next morning, when informed that deceased had not returned home the night before, you rec-

ollected this shot with some uneasiness, and walked toward the bridge, the direction from which it had sounded. In the investigation, which took place before the coroner's jury, did you mention the fact of your having heard this shot?"

"I did not," said Max. "There seemed no necessity for doing so; it being evident that the wound which caused my cousin's death could not have been made by a pistol-ball."

"I think I have understood that a pistol was picked up upon the ground?"

"You have understood correctly. A pistol, belonging to my cousin himself, was found by me upon the spot. Mr. Middleton was present when I discovered it, and I mentioned to him that I had heard a shot the night before.—You remember this, I suppose, Mr. Middleton?"

"Yes, certainly," answered that gentleman, who was overcome with indignation at the manner in which the magistrate was proceeding.

"Did it not occur to you, Captain Tyndale, that the shot might have been fired by the deceased, as it was his pistol?"

"I did not, and do not yet, know what to think about either the pistol or the shot," answered Captain Tyndale, who was as thoroughly aware as the magistrate, or any one present, that the evasive answer he was giving could not but make another "rather strong point in law," against him. But what could he do? Compromise Norah he would not—that he was determined—let what might happen to himself. And, thanks to his sound nerves and habitual self-control, he succeeded in maintaining a composure and ease of manner which went far to counterbalance the effect of his seemingly suspicious reticence—not only in the opinion of the by-standers, but in that of Mr. Purcell himself. Mr. Colville, however, was not to be hoodwinked by this "military effrontery," as, in his own mind, he pronounced Max's self-possession to be. Once more he leaned close to the ear of the presiding magnate, and uttered a few sentences in a low but sharp and vehement tone. And once more Mr. Purcell, thus primed and loaded by his leader, returned to the charge.

"You mentioned, I think, Captain Tyndale, that it had been your intention to leave Strafford on the morning following the murder. Was this intended departure caused by the altercation which had occurred between Mr. Tyndale and yourself?"

At this question there was a sudden flicker of haughty light in Max's dark eyes—his brows contracted sternly for an instant. But he recovered himself almost immediately, and replied as readily as ever, though perhaps there was a shade of curttness now in his tone:

"I cannot conceive that it rests within the province of the law to inquire into a matter entirely personal to myself. My motives for leaving Strafford are aside from any question involved in the present investigation. The fact of my having made my arrangements to go, may be another thing; and this fact I can prove by my cousin's servant there." Turning to Giles—"I presume you have not forgotten what I said to you in the hall on Satur-

day night, just before I went out?" he inquired.

"No, sir," answered Giles; "I remember very well what you said. You ordered me to tell Anderson to have some conveyance at the door to take you to Wexford in the morning in time for the train; and to be sure to wake you early enough for you to get off."

"You decline, then, Captain Tyndale, to answer my question as to whether there was any connection between your intended departure from Strafford, and the difficulty which you admit existed with Mr. Tyndale?" said Mr. Purcell, in a much more magisterial tone than he had spoken before.

"I decline to answer a question which seems to me irrelevant," was the reply.

"I must suppose, sir," said the magistrate, with increasing coldness, "that you are not well acquainted with the laws in force here—I understand you are a foreigner—or you would be aware that any circumstance, bearing the most remote connection with a case of this kind, and likely to throw light upon it, is legitimate subject of legal investigation. It is in virtue of this fact that I must request you to explain the nature and subject of your conversation with Mr. Tyndale on the night before his death."

"That I absolutely decline to do," answered Max, quietly, but very decidedly. "I can only say that it related to a matter of business about which my cousin had consulted me, and which did not in the slightest degree concern myself."

There was a pause. Then the magistrate said:

"I recommend you to reconsider your reply."

"That is impossible," the young man answered in the same tone as before."

"In that case I have no further questions to ask," said the magistrate, after exchanging a few words with his coadjutor. "It only remains for me to perform what, I assure you, sir, is a very painful duty."

With this preface, he proceeded to recapitulate the evidence in the case; beginning with the charge brought against Captain Tyndale by Giles, pointing out the train of circumstantial evidence upon which this charge rested; dwelling on Captain Tyndale's inability to produce any proofs, or make any explanations to exonerate himself from suspicion; and ending by committing him to prison to await the action of the grand-jury.

At this stage of the proceedings the justice-room became a scene of no small commotion and excitement. There was a general murmur of dissatisfaction; a large majority of those present having already arrayed themselves as partisans on the side of Max. It was true that they knew him very slightly—many of them not at all. But there was something in the man himself which excited confidence and sympathy; while the fact of his being a stranger added to the latter feeling. As for Mr. Middleton, his wrath exploded in a burst of passionate invective against the magistrate and his "wire-puller," as he denominated Mr. Colville, the like of which he had not been guilty of indulging for years. There is nothing more true than that it is good-natured, equable-tempered people

who are always most violent when once roused. This gentleman, usually so mild and courteous, was, upon the present occasion, so much the reverse; and gave the two offenders in question the benefit of hearing a few home truths in such very plain and emphatic language that several of the other gentlemen present deemed it prudent to interfere as pacifiers, seeing that the said offenders (Mr. Colville in especial) began to swell and reddened with a passion which threatened to emulate that by which it had been excited. Max himself—who, whatever were his feelings, still retained an unruffled demeanor outwardly—was one of the principal of these peace-makers. “For Heaven’s sake, my dear sir, don’t let me be the cause of your involving yourself in a difficulty with two such men as these!” he said, earnestly, in a low tone. “Come, come, Middleton, you’re rather too hard on Purcell! He can’t help being a fool, you know!” whispered a friend into his left ear. “You’ll do a good deal more harm than good,” said another friend, with a warning shake of the head, and knitting of the brows. “At this rate of going on, you’ll not be allowed to give bail, as I suppose you want to do,” cried a third into his right ear.

This last significant suggestion had an immediate effect in restoring Mr. Middleton to something like his accustomed manner. As a matter of policy, he even tried to smooth matters over a little for the wounded *amour propre* of Mr. Purcell, remonstrating still with that gentleman, but in a different tone. But remonstrances, representations, persuasion, all proved vain; the magistrate was too deeply offended by some of the stinging truths he had just been obliged to listen to, and which had been heard and appreciated, as he knew very well, by the crowd around, not to be glad of an opportunity for annoying his assailant in turn. He was obstinately deaf to all appeal from his first decision.

“Well,” said Mr. Middleton, at last, “I suppose it is useless to say any thing more—”

“Quite so,” interrupted the magistrate, dryly. “Constable—”

“But of course you’ll take bail,” continued Mr. Middleton, quickly. “What shall the amount be?”

“Excuse me,” said the magistrate, stiffly (so effectually had his spleen been roused that he needed no prompting or bolstering from his wire-puller now), “I cannot take bail in this case.”

And to this resolution he adhered. *

RECKONING-DAY.

ONE evening, early in the panic of last autumn, as I returned from down-town utterly worn out with my work and with the anxieties and terrors of the times, I was aroused to instant animation by finding on my table a card on which was engraved:

Mrs. Credit,

At Home

On Tuesday Evenings, beginning October 14th.

1,308 MADISON AVENUE.

“October 14th?” said I to myself. “Then the first reception is this very evening, and I must go. Mrs. Credit’s attentions are to be caught at, even if I am almost too tired to move.” So, after dining and taking the post-prandial nap necessary to the New-York business-man who would spend his evenings in society, I proceeded to array myself for the occasion.

Mrs. Credit was a widow lady who had made her advent in New York from abroad, several seasons back, and had gradually been growing in popularity and fashion, until now she was the *rage*. Her money, if rumor were to be believed, was as unlimited as that of the Rothschilds themselves. In mourning at first, she had lived very quietly, though luxuriously, amusing herself, apparently, by her daring speculations, and by her immense and varied benefactions. All popular enterprises for adding to the wealth of the unborn many in the future, and of the select few in the present, found in her a liberal supporter whose checks were always drawn on London or Continental banks, and were always honored. She was a large stock-owner, for example, in the “Julia” mine—in the “Great Sub-fluvial,” which Mr. DeForest’s congressman, “Honest John Vane,” so stoutly supported—and also in that shuttlecock of the market, the “Ontario” Railroad. Nor was she less benevolent than public-spirited. Besides munificent subscriptions to all the recognized charities, she opened an art-gallery, for the poor, of “chromos” old and new; she gave a fountain to Jones’s Wood; she founded a hospital for boot-blacks; she endowed a “home” for aged and infirm organ-grinders; she put into the hands of trustees a fine country-seat on the Hudson for the use of superannuated beaux and belles; she advanced money to no end of unpromising young men who wanted to establish themselves in business; she presented the *trousseau* of ever so many of their extravagant brides, and even furnished snug little houses for the happy couples; nor was any tale of distress heard by her unheeded, so that beggars haunted her back-doors, not singly, nor in pairs, but in queues, all day long. In short, no project of women and clergymen for relieving pauperism, while really increasing it, left her presence disappointed of her sympathy or a contribution. And now, since a year or two, she had laid aside her mourning, and blazed out in all the splendor and prestige which her unlimited resources allowed her; and these, together with her princely generosity, made her the praise of every tongue, and the centre of all that was desirable and fascinating in the great city. The belle who did not belong to the “Cleopatra-Galley Club,” that rendezvoused at Newport, and of which Mrs. Credit was the originator and president, made no pretense, even, to be considered “in society.”

I had never yet received any notice from Mrs. Credit, and, conscious of the narrow means and obscure position of a young man just getting into business, I had never aspired to it. When, therefore, her card reached me, through what influence I knew not, I was equally flattered and pleased; and I made my toilet for my first appearance before her, spent though I was, with unusual care. In

some of my sex a dress-coat fairly works a transformation, and this I was aware that my “swallow-tail,” with all its immaculate accompaniments, and its button-hole rose-bud, did for me. Such was the leaden lassitude upon me, however, that even after I was ready, had not my cab been waiting for some time at the door, I think I should have given up going.

It may strike the reader that it was rather early in the season for evening receptions to begin in the great metropolis of fashion, but, then, Mrs. Credit was not obliged to come up to town and spend a month in getting dresses made and her house arranged for the winter. All her clothing came from Paris, and she left a perfectly appointed establishment in Newport in the morning, and in the evening dined in one as perfectly appointed on a thrice larger scale in New York. Why should she wait a month before she indulged herself in the pleasure of receiving the five hundred of her one or two thousand friends who might also have come up early to town? At any rate, Mrs. Credit was able to be a law unto herself, and she was so.

As I entered the stately mansion at about ten o’clock, it was all a sheen of light and gayety. In the drawing-room Mrs. Credit was receiving, and many guests were promenading through the halls. In the ballroom belles and beaux were dancing, and at opposite ends of the spacious apartment devoted to games and conversation, that opened out of it, a dozen rubbers of *whist* and a trial of skill at billiards were going on simultaneously. Would-be lovers were sitting on the stairs, or straying through the conservatories, and the supper-room was now a third—now three-quarters—filled with guests, who came in and sat down at the little tables in parties of two or more, and, without crowd or heat, partook of the delicacies provided for them in gladness of heart and thorough appreciation. The library and lovely music-room were far secluded from the dancers, and in the former a mingled company was silently reading the journals and magazines that strewed the centre-table, or were talking in low tones over the portfolio of magnificent photographs and engravings that stood in the corners; while in the latter some of the leading amateurs and professionals of the city were entertaining their friends and each other with an impromptu concert, intermingled with musical gossip. All was ease and social warmth, for it was Mrs. Credit’s expressed wish that, for the time being, her invited guests should be acquaintances without the necessity of an introduction.

Astonished at the realization of one of my own impossible dreams, I forgot my fatigue in gazing about me with delight, and cried to myself: “Mrs. Credit is indeed a benefactress! Why, this—barring the full dress and white gloves—is for one evening nothing less than what I have fancied a permanent club for both sexes might be.” And I began expressing my enthusiasm to a friend who, like myself, was a looker-on at a game of billiards

“Well, yes,” said he, “it is all very fine, but the whole pleasure of the entertainment is marred for me by the ubiquitous presence

of Mrs. Credit's infernal major-domo. He follows me round, and stares at me as if he thought I was going to steal something." And, so saying, he indicated a very dark personage, dressed in a black frock-coat, with a black cravat and black gloves, who was looking fixedly at us from the other side of the room.

"That is singular," said I, "for I, too, have thought that the same individual was dogging me about; only I have been puzzling as to whether his expression was one of warning or of sarcasm."

"Curse him!" said my friend; "I feel as though I could strangle him! But I'm going to have a waltz to the lovely music out there," pointing through the Moorish arches to the ballroom, "and, if he still haunts me, I'll either leave the house or plunge into a conservatory flirtation with my partner."

I happened to know that my friend was so heavily weighted with fancy stocks that the waves of the financial panic were threatening daily to swamp him. So I did not wonder that his nerves were somewhat set on edge, and in some curiosity I remained behind to see if the dark personage followed him. To my surprise, he seemed to stay and mount guard over me; but, as I was neither nervous nor weighted with fancy stocks, I did not mind that there should be one blot on so bright a scene, and was soon sauntering on in my tour through the apartments.

Having completed it, I again descended to the drawing-rooms, for my first glimpse of Mrs. Credit had completely fascinated me, even aside from the fact that the presiding genius of the splendid establishment thus thrown open like the day for the happiness of her friends was naturally the most interesting thing in it. As I was crossing the hall, however, I glanced mechanically up the staircase, and beheld Mrs. Credit's major-domo descending likewise, and evidently keeping me in view. For the moment I was annoyed and half minded to demand an explanation, but no sooner had I entered my hostess's radiant presence than I forgot all about him. She was moving among her guests with wondrous grace and ease, and, with smiles and cordial greetings, was making everybody feel appreciated and at home. Her dress, as a lady has since told me, was of pink satin and white lace, with slippers to correspond, and she seemed to have on rivulets of diamonds. I could not tell her years, for her beauty—and she was beautiful exceedingly—had the rose-leaf, touch-me-not character of first youth, while expressions of all ages and experiences chased themselves across it. Such a shining creature as she was, therefore, perhaps it was not wonderful that her general effect was bewildering, but, really, to get a steady look at her face was like trying to see a water-fall behind the trees. In a strange manner it shifted continually between earnestness and effishness, and she seemed to know by instinct if you were studying her, for by a sudden turn of her head, a flutter of her fan, or an upward movement of her hand, she would baffle you completely. Her warmest admirers stoutly maintained that this intangibility was an especial charm, giving one a fearful joy in one's intercourse

with her, as if one were grasping something evanescent which might presently fade from one's hold; and as I watched her I felt the fevering influence enter into me. Wherever she went she was followed by a train of men distinguished for fortune, or position, or gifts; and no matter to whom they owed allegiance, whether to wife, mother, or maid, while, within in her magic circle, devotion to Mrs. Credit took precedence of every thing else.

So immensely sought after and influential as this wondrous lady was, I made no attempt to attract her notice, but neither could I tear myself away from her vicinity, and consequently I overheard a good deal of her conversation. It displayed that inability or that unwillingness to go below the surface of any thing which so characterizes rich women, but it was sparkling and wide-glancing, as from having roved through many fields of culture, and gathered blossoms from all. She would never be pinned down, however, and I could see that she almost drove a well-known reformer, who was rather forcing his views upon her, to despair. He was trying to interest her in the Coöperative Stores of England, of which, he said, there are now about a thousand in successful operation; and he endeavored to explain what a boon it would be to the struggling classes of New-York City if Mrs. Credit and other women of means and position should open and conduct one of these stores for the benefit of their poorer sisters.

"The mission of the modern house-keeper of the well-to-do-classes," said he, "is, to sweep away the modern middle-man by taking possession of the function of retail distribution, and saving to the community the twelve per cent. it now pays out of retail profit. Only one such store successfully organized by women, and thousands would follow all over the country, while the final result of the movement would be that pauperism would be prevented, and, of course, disappear.

But Mrs. Credit shook her small head, disapprovingly, and believed in no such Utopian vision. She thought it was better to "give to him that asketh thee," with the saints of all ages, than to adopt these selfish modern theories of "making the poor help themselves." As for preventing pauperism, we were told long ago that "the poor ye have always with you;" so, if it did not exist in one form, it would in another. Why not do the good that comes to us instead of running to seek it in such an unknown land (to New-York ladies) as a Coöperative Store?

Against these stock Scripture phrases the reformer might have quoted the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, with damaging effect, but he did not, and a gentleman standing near me whispered with a chuckle: "Rather cool to ask a Mrs. Credit to open a Coöperative Store, since the very basis of the system is cash."

Whether Mrs. Credit heard the whisper or the chuckle, I know not, but I fancied that she turned slightly pale. Meantime I had been trying to decipher the riddle of her face,

* "Helping the poor to help themselves" was the reformer's phrase, but Mrs. Credit gave it a little feminine twist.

and I decided that it partly lay in an apprehension of something that she ever felt to be impending over her. Her mind was not at ease, and her subtle eyes, that seldom looked straight into yours, but were so dangerously sweet, would glance over and beyond all this admiration, and splendor, and seeming security, into the mirrored vistas of her apartments, as if something lurked in their depths that threatened her. Once, following her eye, I saw a distant reflection of her dark and silent major-domo. The reflection stood still for a moment, facing us, then passed along, as if going toward an opposite quarter of the house. As it disappeared, I looked back at Mrs. Credit, and her delicate face, which had contracted a little, lifted and brightened, as if relieved from a menace or a fear.

It was now growing late, and the tardiest comer had paid his respects. Our hostess and all her train had been into the supper-room, where she had daintily sipped a cup of *bouillon* as her only refreshment; and she was now in the ballroom, looking on, but not joining the waltzers. My fatigue had developed into a terrific headache, but I was too completely carried away by Mrs. Credit to pay much attention to it, and I would not have curtailed by an hour the intoxication of her presence for the world. The festivity of the occasion was at the height that always precedes the home-going, and, all over the great house, guests were talking, laughing, dancing, playing, eating, or drinking. The card-room was raised by two or three broad steps above the ballroom, and was separated from it by low Moorish arches. On these steps the musicians were seated, and, as Mrs. Credit was passing from one apartment to the other, she turned for a moment to speak to a young violin-player, in whose fortunes she had been taking an interest. Thus she was standing at the very top of the ballroom, and framed by one of the gilded arches as in a picture; her robe lay in rich folds about her feet, and flowed along the steps; and I was just thinking that her pose, as she lingered there, was the climax of the whole evening—when suddenly a sharp pain darted knife-like through my temples, and my senses were enveloped in a golden haze, with every thing singing and tingling about me.

How long this lasted, I know not; but I was recalled to myself and my surroundings by hearing the liveried footman at the entrance of the ballroom announce, in a tone that seemed to ring through every brain:

"MR. DEBIT, THE HUSBAND OF MRS. CREDIT!"

A shriek went up under the Moorish arches that penetrated the entire mansion from garret to cellar, and instantly I heard the trampling of many feet from every part of the house, all rushing to see what could be the matter. Within the ballroom all eyes were turned toward the door, and lo! the gloomy figure of Mrs. Credit's major-domo was seen advancing to the dais where she stood. As he drew near, a look of agonized terror passed over the fascinating face, then one of helpless despair, and lastly a smile of strange irony as she closed her eyes, and, not fainted—but failed absolutely away—

disappeared—while her diamonds rolled into each other and ran down into a little pool of water on the floor.

As our idol vanished from our straining gaze, a deep groan burst from our lips and from our hearts; and then, amid the crowd of blanched faces in their gala-dress, was the most horrible dead silence that I ever listened to. But the harsh voice of Mr. Debit soon broke the spell. "Do not think, my friends," said he, "that I am come to dispel your gladness. In the absence of my beloved wife, Mrs. Credit, I am the master of this house, and I am as anxious for the happiness of society as she could possibly be. Soon you shall go on with your enjoyment, for the only effect of my presence will be simply that every thing that is not paid for, whether in the house or on our persons, will vanish. All that we possess will still be ours to make merry with, and how much better we shall all feel to know exactly how we stand, and not any longer to be under the painful necessity of keeping up an appearance which we know to be a sham! Agreeing with my beloved and honored wife in every other particular, I only differed from her in this: that, in our enterprises and enjoyments, it was safest and most comfortable never to go beyond the means in hand, and, in the day of spending, always to remember the day of reckoning. With this brief explanation, let me beg you, my dear and welcome friends, after a short interval, to proceed with the social pleasures of the evening as though nothing had happened."

Immediately our ears were assailed by such a thumping, knocking, tearing, and splitting, as made many persons scream in terror lest the house was about to tumble about our ears. "The rent of the house I have paid for," roared Mr. Debit, above the confusion, a satanic delight in his work illuminating his leaden countenance; "so, if you will stand close to the walls, you will be safe." And, in fact, it was not the house, but the furniture! All things in that great establishment were rushing, crowding, and hustling toward the entrances and exits, as if ten thousand spirits possessed them to be out and away to their rightful owners. Carpets ripped themselves up and blocked the doorways; curtains stripped themselves down and flew out of the windows; while sideboards and bookcases, pianos and tables, beraus and beds, chairs and sofas, in a wild medley, lunged at the window-frames, smashed in the panes, and even battered holes in their casings, until they had effected an egress. Pots and pans, pitchers and basins, books, glass, and china, whirled out of the doors or up the chimneys in company with bronzes, vases, marble statues, and pictures, until, from centre to circumference, the walls and floors of the wide mansion were as bare and dismantled as though nothing had ever been put into them.

"To think," cried many women who had envied the splendid Mrs. Credit, "that in all these six or eight years *nothing* in this house has been paid for—that she has been a complete cheat from beginning to end! How could we have allowed ourselves to receive such an adventuress among us?"

"Softly, softly, fair ladies," said Mr. Debit; "do not say harsh things of my beloved and honored wife after all she has done for you. Pray, are all *your* things paid for?"—and before the words were fairly out of his mouth began another splitting and tearing, gentler than the first, but accompanied by "Oha!" and "Ahs!" in bass and treble, by shrieks of dismay and shouts of laughter, and by frantic boltings and scurrys from sight into the dressing-rooms. Horrors! what was happening to us? Were our very clothes that were not paid for leaving us? Yes, and but too surely. Boots and slippers tore themselves off, and scampered out of the house, leaving sometimes socks full of holes behind them; or, worse yet, dusty feet which their owners would fain have called on their trousers to hide. A perfect storm of white gloves swept through the air, some of them carrying with them, alas! beautiful *solitaire* diamonds, which had wrenched themselves off of white fingers, whose owners had fondly deemed them placed there forever. Buttons and hooks-and-eyes burst off, side-seams gave way, and ladies who had been radiant in rainbow silks or bewildering in cloudy gauze, suddenly stood blushing in corset and crinoline. In some cases merely the overskirt or the trimmings went, and then again only the work of the poor, unpaid seamstress would vanish, and leave the dress about the lady's feet in pieces. Perhaps the cruellest thing I noticed was an exquisite lace shawl that rent itself in two, and left one of its halves pinned to a lady's shoulder, while the other whisked off up the chimney. A coiffure of golden puffs and curls that I had particularly admired above a pretty face disappeared bodily, and left only a straw-colored wisp twisted tightly up with a hair-pin. Indeed, much real hair was torn out by the "switches," and curls that tugged at combs and hairpins, so that they could get away and be gone. Carved combs and fans, ear-rings and bracelets, lockets and necklaces—many were the luckless fair ones who suddenly found themselves bereft of one or the other of these auxiliaries to their beauty, and ingenuous youths not a few became sadly aware that the seal-ring, the watch-chain, the studs, or the charms, that they had been wearing with such secret satisfaction, were no longer visible to the naked eye. I saw the butterfly wife of a Wall-Street broker put up her hand convulsively to clutch a jeweled necklace that she had just been displaying to an envious friend as her husband's last gift, but, to the delight of the envious friend, it slid like an eel through her fingers. I pitied a modest school-mistress whose burning blushes showed that she knew, without feeling, that the string of Roman pearls which had encircled her round throat, and for which she had run in debt a dollar and a half the day before, was gone. And how devoutly I hoped that they, and also my new sleeve-buttons, would be found to-morrow at the places where we had purchased them, and that we shouldn't both lose them and have to pay for them!

All this woful transformation of Mrs. Credit's guests took but a moment, and, after rushing pell-mell for our respective dressing-rooms, we could not, amid all our

mortification and dismay, help screaming with laughter over the revelations we had just witnessed, as well as at our mutual plight. The greatest swell in society had lost his entire outer suit from top to toe, but he had thereby displayed an under one of blue knitted silk with socks to match, which he said would be a consolation to him to the end of his life. Another, who bolted in "laughing consumedly," was suddenly sobered by seeing his own—or, rather, his dentist's—teeth grinning back from the air on their own account. Of course, many gentlemen buttoned up their coats and took their hats and their departure in conscious virtue; but many, too, were *minus* one garment, and many another. One poor fellow, who had been paying for his evening clothes by installments, retained them all but the left half of his swallow-tailed coat. Our overcoats and hats were lying about upon the bare floor, and not a few of us could not find wherewithal to cover ourselves before leaving the house. There was no use trying to lend each other any thing—the article would twitch itself out of the borrower's hand and return to its owner, so that there was nothing for it but to set out for our respective dwellings, all coatless, bootless, and trouserless, as some of us were. I myself had to walk hatless home. And why, dear reader? Because I had not had the money to pay for my hat when I bought it? No; but because, like most of my sex, I always feel that I am impoverishing myself if I pay cash for my purchases. The true economy is to charge them, and pay for them by a check when the bills are sent in. For—don't you see?—one has the use of the money all that much time the longer!

At last, we all sallied forth into the morning chill of the streets, and happy were the guests whose carriage, horses, and coachman, were all four awaiting them! Establishments consisting of a carriage and harness, but with neither horses nor coachman—of a carriage and one horse, but no harness—of horses, and a coachman standing on the ground holding the reins, but no carriage—were some of the combinations that met the eye, and many a distressed damsel and delicate lady saw I set out to trudge home on foot—some of them in stocking-feet, for their little boots had fled to the shoemaker, perhaps even to the manufacturer, to find an owner.

But all this was only the beginning. Worse, far worse, was at hand. Not only for Mrs. Credit's fashionable acquaintance had the day of reckoning arrived—for no sooner were we all out of her great mansion than from its portals issued forth a sinister band of trumpeters in black uniforms, who went up and down through the streets, shouting in stentorian tones: "Mr. Debit has come!"—"Mr. Debit has come!" and at once the force of gravitation was annihilated, and pandemonium itself seemed let loose. Furniture poured out of doors and windows, stone and bricks and boards separated, roofs rose, and, all mounting in the air, sailed off in countless directions, while families, who a moment before had been taking their morning naps in comfortable beds, found themselves shivering and choking with plaster-dust in the cellar. I rushed to my own boarding-place. Luckily,

it had been wholly paid for years ago by the little widow who was my landlady, and most of her furniture was inherited. Her last grocer's and butcher's bills were not settled, however, so every thing eatable in her larder had disappeared, and all her boarders had to go breakfastless to their business—but not before making up a cash contribution that should insure their dinners in the afternoon, even to the price of fuel to cook it, for all the coal in her bins had vanished likewise.

I did not attempt to go to my office, but wandered, like thousands of others, half demented, through the streets; and to describe what I witnessed on that dreadful day would require the pen of a Defoe. Peeping into the large dry-goods establishments, for example, I saw the clerks, pale, bewildered, exhausted, trying in vain to arrange the avalanche of clothing that had plunged upon them. Goods made up, half made, unmade, or worn out—it made no difference. If they had not been paid for, in they came and piled themselves up to the ceilings, knocking against, in their entrance, and sometimes battling furiously for right of way with, the bales and boxes of imported goods that were determined to get out and return somehow to their owners across the ocean. And so it was, more or less, with every other kind of store, wholesale or retail. Everywhere the streets were full of wide gaps, made by houses whose materials had dispersed to pile themselves in brick-yards and lumber-yards. Many a church looked one-third or three-fourths in ruins, and whole blocks were left without roofs or upper stories. Whatever proportion was paid for was left, and nothing over. In the markets the stalls were half empty; but it was just as well, for only half the usual number of customers were there. If any one owed a debt, all his money vanished from pocket-book and bank, and not a dollar but what was really his remained whereabouts to purchase any thing. The only class that seemed unaffected by this summary going into liquidation were the hand-to-mouth people on day's wages or small salaries. They, poor devils, never having been able to obtain credit, were comparatively untouched in their penury by the storm of ruin going on about them. But otherwise it was mostly a breakfastless, dinnerless—a wild and desperate New York that I saw between that sun's rise and its setting. Men stared each other in the face, utterly paralyzed by the immensity of their misfortune. What to do—what to think—which way to turn! It was like an earthquake; or, far worse, a cyclone. They all felt as though they should go mad, and many of them did so. Cries and hysterics from the very strongest were common, and many a woman quietly laid herself down and died. I felt, myself, as if I were part of an infernal kaleidoscope. Every thing was chaotic, jarring, stifling—a weltering nightmare!

At last, I know not how, I found myself in my room, and looking for some paper whereon to write, to my partner in a distant city, an account of the strange occurrences of this harrowing day, and its probable consequences to us; but I could not find any. Suddenly I remembered that I had not paid my stationer's last bill, and

somehow this struck me as a fearful misfortune—as the drop too much which I could not stand. My very life seemed to depend on my getting that paper, and I rushed from my room and began ransacking, for what I wanted, every thing that came in my way. I soon found, in a fellow-lodger's desk, a quire of "commercial note," and was about to seize it in triumph. But no; it was not mine, and it eluded my frantic grasp. In agony I tried once and again to clutch it, but in vain—and after that I remember nothing more.

When I came to myself, I was lying in a darkened room, and I felt strangely weak. I saw that my brother was sitting with me, and I asked for more light. He opened the shutters, and I perceived that my hand looked comparatively white and thin.

"What has been the matter with me?" I asked.

"You were taken ill at Mrs. Credit's reception, and have had a fortnight's run of typhoid fever."

"Poor Mrs. Credit!" said I. "She was so beautiful and so fascinating. It is a pity that that horrible husband of hers should have come and made her vanish when she made everybody so happy."

"What are you talking about, my dear brother? You cannot yet separate your delirious imaginings from reality. Nothing has happened to Mrs. Credit that I know of, except that some of her family have died out West, and she has gone into a three months' mourning."

"And does she really live just the same in that splendid house in Madison Avenue?"

"Of course she does; and she expects you to come and see her just as soon as you get well. What would New York be without Mrs. Credit?"

ZINA FAY PEIRCE.

WRONGS IN OUR PRISON SYSTEM.

INTO no system should reform now step with more haste, and with more determination to do thorough and revolutionary work, than that of our State prisons and penitentiaries.

It is singular, as well as unfortunate, that the wave of rectifications that has swept away so many dangerous cobwebs and so many uncleanlinesses within the three years just past, should have so completely avoided our great and important schemes for the treatment of the condemned, that are confessedly so wrongful in themselves and so productive of wrong.

It is said these are confessedly wrong, and it is true. Among those that admit it are the wardens themselves; almost, if not quite, without exception, these gentlemen, schooled as they are in the character of the human material that comes to them, in the treatment of that material while within the walls of the prisons, and in the temper and quality of the same material when it passes out into the world again, concede without reservation that it never exhibits change for the better; and that in the light of that one fact, if indeed of no other, our manner of

treating convicts is proved to be an utter and lamentable mistake. When one reminds himself that convicts for the most part are such from the accidents of birth, the vicissitudes of youth, the inborn treacheries of temper, and from the sad neglects and fore-sights of society itself, he feels guilty at being a silent beholder of a plan of penalties that seizes the wretches and causes their punishment for crimes without the smallest practical consideration for the tenor of their after-lives.

Such a plan is the one which governs the conduct of our penal institutions, and nothing is more imperative than that it should be retired at the earliest possible day, and another substituted for it. A change such as is demanded would require a great outlay of money, and the use of the highest order of intelligence and discretion. Every thing in policy, custom, and theory, that now exists, should come down, and an entirely new order should rise in its place.

It is natural to ask, on hearing that so much is to be undone and so much more to be done, what the main charges against the existing system are.

The first great one has been indicated. It is that, coupled with the punishment that is entailed upon a convicted man, there is no consistent and intelligent attempt at his reformation. Our prisons and penitentiaries, instead of being schools for the instruction of those that have sinned, as well as being places for expiation of crimes, are mere receptacles for the unclean of society; obscure and deadly pools, into which are drained the refuse of the region.

This refuse, composed of the wicked, the passionate, the weak, the visionary, is left to mingle and to gradually course out upon the world again.

At no time in its stay is it separated into its distinct elements, and treated in accordance with several demands of these elements. The villainous burglar, the savage man-slayer, the ignorant thief, the poverty-stricken filcher, the weak forger, are all, irrespective of the manners and conditions of their crimes, thrown into one society, and made to suffer together.

This society is colored by the hue of its worst ingredient. The worst criminals in a prison throw the shadow of their terrible existences over all about them; the grade of their companions becomes their grade.

One who enters a prison, even in the most casual manner, and beholds a thousand men attired alike, marching, working, and eating together, perceives at a glance one of the greatest wrongs that exists. Can it be, he asks, that these thousand wretches are equally bad, equally reprehensible, equally worthy of disdain and fear?

If not, as they certainly are not, how is it that the same brand rests upon all? that the same habit and labor is the portion of every one? that the best and the worst are indiscriminately thrown together?

The only difference between them is the length of the periods which must elapse before they will be freed. All else is the same; the striped suit, the cell, the food, and the work of the criminal of sixteen and of the

man who fell by reason of want, is the same as the suit, the cell, the food, and the work of the villain of sixty and of the monster who slays that he might rob.

The great error in the theory of punishment that we now hold to is, that it does not recognize in the least the immense diversities in the character and methods of wrongdoing.

The courts do, but the prisons do not.

Up to the time that the sentence is pronounced upon a criminal, his grade and standing in the world are considered in mitigation or in aggravation. The wrong that he has committed is condemned in terms that are proportioned to other terms by which other wrongs of the same kin have been condemned before. His sentence falls upon him as one of a class.

But at the moment when the prison-doors close he is swallowed up from the world, and is plunged into a stratum of humanity and into an atmosphere than which there are none lower. There he remains until his sentence expires. He cannot struggle into the company of better men. He cannot work his way up. He cannot by diligence or by rectitude of conduct ameliorate the bitterness of his suffering. If he obey the rules, it is true that he may gain a commutation upon his "time," but what man can think of advantages that are to transpire at some future year while his heart is sore, his frame lame with toil, and his pride ground in the dust?

The interference of political interests with prison economy produces incalculable mischief.

Legislators have patronage: a part of it consists of the places of guards and keepers of convicts. When it becomes necessary to bestow a gift, they may replace one of those officials with a person of their own choice. This person enters untaught upon one of the most complex and delicate duties that ever falls to the lot of man, and it is indeed a marvel if he commits nothing that deserves the name of crime.

A keeper of a file of prisoners is one that has them in charge from morning until night. He moves with them when they move, watches them as they eat, reports them if they are deserving of punishment, and may visit upon them at will a hundred disabilities and inconveniences. A good keeper should be a man of tact and insight, and one possessing an equable temper. A prison-chaplain should have broad religious views, exceptional discretion and penetration, and a heart as wide as the world. A prison-warden should be at once a soldier, a philosopher, and a just judge.

All who have to do with that fearful and portentous feature of society—its community of outcasts—should be remarkable for their fitness, and, in due time, highly valued for their experience. The tests by which they should be selected should be severe and exacting. They have to do with exaggerations, deformities, and monstrosities, in temperament and character, and their fitness to deal with them should be preëminent.

In the face of all this, which is universally admitted to be true, changes in prison officials are of constant occurrence, and for no other reason than that the politicians de-

sire, by this means, to requite for favors received. In Sing-Sing Prison alone no less than ten almost complete rotations of this kind, and for this reason, have occurred within the past fifteen years.

The influence of politics should no more be permitted to interfere with the affairs of a prison than it is permitted to interfere with the affairs of a church. The aims and objects of the imprisonment of those among us who have done wrong should be considered solemn and sacred, and as debarred, above all other things, from the touch of interests.

Another vital flaw in our present prison system is the desire to make it a "paying" one. It is wrong to even demand that it be self-supporting. When the energies of keepers and the efforts of wardens are turned to exacting money instead of penitence from the unfortunates they have in charge, then they will surely fail in the mission it was expected they would perform. Prisons, as well as schools, are the products of civilized society. Both are, in fact, but schools. In one we confine our children in consequence of their ignorance, and in the other we do (or, rather, we should) confine our adults for *their* ignorance. The penalty for being more or less ignorant is (or should be) in either case only more or less schooling. We should as much think of making our schools pay in dollars as of making our prisons pay in dollars. In the one case, we are entirely satisfied to expend vast sums that educated men and women may eventually come among us; and why should we not, in view of the great imperfection of society, be satisfied to expend more large sums to save to themselves and to us those that the thousand perils and weaknesses pertaining to our kind have led astray?

To make money out of the toil of the mistaken, the wicked, and the oppressed, is infamous. It seems to be more than infamous when it is considered that, to make that money, we permit their souls to be so neglected that the reformation of them becomes impossible.

A prison that would be likely to meet the ever-increasing demands of our ever-increasing population, must be a much more complex affair than any we now have.

One of its main features, it is conceived, must be that it counterfeits in itself to a great extent a free community. That is, it must recognize, in a distinct and decided manner, certain grades of criminality, just as society recognizes certain grades of quality and force in its members, as contrasted with other grades.

For example: a person, on being convicted of a certain felony, would enter prison, and would become an inmate of such part of it as was inhabited by his equals in crime. From this place he would be permitted eventually to rise, in consequence of industry and good conduct, to another part of the prison, where criminals of lesser guilt were incarcerated, and would be then passed on in an ascending scale until either his term expired or he reached the final stage.

It would not be needed that a man be convicted of a certain crime to become an inmate of this or that sub-prison, but the judge would be able to supplement his decree (a criminal

decree is always made within certain legal limitations) by a recommendation to the warden of the prison that the prisoner begin his term with grade 5, 6, or 7, as his case, as displayed upon trial, might warrant. This plan would afford what has been greatly needed in the interests of justice—that is, many more grades of punishment (to use the word in the common sense). It has always been a source of perplexity to judges to be incapacitated by law from exercising a judicious tempering of their mandates. Could they but arrange, that actual incarceration, for the term prescribed by statute for a certain offense, could be rendered less onerous by causing the prisoner to be put in this or that ward, their labors as judges would be much more productive of good.

A system of grades and of advancements would, of course, require the very highest order of prison officials, as the character of their labors would be, to a very great extent, judicial. The considerations that would impel them to elevate this criminal from his original class to another of better men, or to reduce that one to a lower level for misdemeanor, would require serious weighing, inasmuch as the acts would be among the most important events of a convict's life, and would be greatly indicative of his course toward manhood or perdition.

The lowest form of sub-prison would comprise the most severe discipline and the most difficult or rather the most constant labor, and the closest incarceration, consistent with the perfect health of the imprisoned. It would approximate the system now in vogue at the Albany Penitentiary. In it would be confined the most brutal of the convicts—those whose ill deeds were especially atrocious, and which exhibited their perpetrators to be dangerous to the community at large. It would also be the abiding-place of those thoroughly-depraved beings into whose breasts light can never be forced, and who sin as they live.

From the mass of the convicts, then, this vicious number would be carefully excluded.

The next division would consist of those few that had risen from the depth below, and the great number of rascals similar in character to those that are now sentenced for fifteen and twenty years for their crimes. This sub-prison would have its workshops, its strict discipline, its coarse food, and it would resemble somewhat the ordinary State institution as we now have it. It would be governed by an easily-contrived system of marks, and it would possess, on account of its (probable) size, classes within itself suitably graduated and proportioned. The next highest sub-prison would afford its inmates opportunities to receive instruction in the rougher trades, and would also present chances for them to begin to earn money. Above this sub-division there would still be four or five more to be passed through before the highest of them would be attained. In this the convict would be as nearly in a state of freedom as would be consistent with the determination to hold him until his term had expired. He would be free to come and go in the yards, would be provided with a larger cell (and one without a door to be locked), would have an

income from his labor, would be kept advised of the affairs in the world without, and would be prepared, in many ways, to enter again into the society he had once wronged.

At no time during his incarceration would a convict bear upon him any mark, insignia, or dress, that would serve to distinguish him from another convict in the first subdivision or in the last. His place of living would be the only indication of how much he had advanced.

There would be perpetually exerted upon the prisoners a powerful pressure for them to reform their sinister habits of thought and their views of the purposes and uses of life. Moving among them, day by day, without cessation, would be a number of clergymen, one perhaps to every hundred convicts, whose duty it would be to bear cheerful encouragement, and to give discreet advice upon all matters which lay within their province. They would be present on all occasions. Their teachings and gentle exhortations would follow every advance or every vicissitude in the prisoner's life, and they would never rest while a man's heart failed him, or his spirit sank under the weight of his penalty.

Perhaps even this rough hint of what a prison should be may be sufficient to make it clear what one thing lies within the system that would alone make it efficacious.

An opportunity to compete with one another upon even grounds will always keep men up to a high standard of industry and sobriety.

A prison system which keeps the convicts either moving, or constantly fitting themselves to move, to a higher plane, cannot fail if it be fairly conducted. One can hardly conceive of a more disheartening thing than to be suddenly caught out of the world and dropped amid a horde of fellow-beings who, aimless and listless, toil without advancing, and live only to watch the shrinking of their own souls.

A convict is but a man, *plus* a deformity in mind, or, less, what other people find to be a requisite to uprightness; and it is indeed a hopeless task to attempt to bully him into righteousness. The simple "shutting up" of men has contented us far too long; we must soon begin to teach them. We now seize a villain and throw him into a *corral* of other villains, and grind down his body to the severest tasks, and give him a sermon on Sabbath mornings, and, at the same time, demand that he be "reformed;" or, in other words, having made his life many times more hard to bear than it ever was, we ask that his spirit become more beautiful and serene.

The common idea of our present interest in imprisoning culprits is, that we mean to punish; and there is little doubt that the idea is correct. We fancy that, so long as imprisonment goes on, punishment goes on; that, while the locks are turned, and the eyes of the guard are scrutinizing a prisoner, that prisoner is grieving, and is hardening his heart against temptations.

It is far from being true. Sorrow for his position lasts but a little while with the convict, be he ever so sensitive or delicate-minded. Old prisoners invariably declare that "punishment" (that is, that bitter exercise

of the mind that arises from regret, shame, and sense of deprivation of freedom) lasts but a very few months, and rarely more than a year. After that, they say, the mind becomes vacant. The presence of a thousand other convicts helps them to forget the character of a virtuous community, and they begin to imbibe a dangerous and melancholy carelessness of their surroundings and fate.

It is after these brief flushes of real punishment expire that the terrible faults of our prison-idea begin to tell. Instead of being placed where he may rise, where he may learn, where his conscience may be refreshed and his spirit sustained, the unfortunate criminal is driven in the same harness, in the same track, and with the same associates, until the end of his "time," when he is turned forth, broken, aimless, and disheartened, upon a suspicious and reprehending world.

A sentence should condemn a criminal to "separation" from his kind, and not to the vengeance of his kind.

Every decree of a judge should direct the prisoner to be incarcerated in such a manner as will permit the stings of his conscience to have their full effect upon him, and to afterward cause him to be released into that system of graduated prisons that has been described. A judge's mandate should, for instance, read: "I sentence you to three years in the State-prison at hard labor. The first three or six months, as the warden may deem advisable, shall be passed in seclusion, and the remainder of your term in the reformatory. It is recommended that you enter the reformatory at sub-prison No. 3."

With such opportunities for discretion as these, a justice would be enabled to fit fairer penalties to the cases he passes upon than are now possible, for the combinations of penalties that he might make would be innumerable; and, as no criminal case exactly resembles another, a wide range of methods is impossibly demanded.

But yet, out of the latitude that the law now permits to a judge's discretion, faults of the very gravest kind arise. The law allows, for example, infliction of a penalty of from ten to twenty years for a commission of a certain grade of crime. This range is something terrible. It is three times too large. A judge should never be permitted to send a man to prison in consequence of private judgment and bias for even thirteen years, when the law declares that his crime may be sufficiently punished by an incarceration of ten.

The trouble that arises out of the present mode springs from the widely-different interpretations of criminality by different judges in different parts of the State. Criminals, on exchanging notes in their workshops, too frequently find that their several sentences are grossly at variance (in view of the crimes for which they were imposed), and it is a matter too well known to require any of the hundred illustrations that may be had for the asking, that nothing could be more ununiform and disproportionate, and at the same more cruel, than the very great number of sentences that are now being lived out in our penal institutions.

The defense against future encroachment of error of this kind must exist in entirely reorganized definition and classification of

crime. The present grades must be separated into sub-grades, each having its exact description (as near as may be), and to them must be well-proportioned penalties, leaving a latitude of not over three years for the discretion of the judge to act in. Thus a criminal convicted of a crime whose minimum penalty was ten years, might, in case his misdemeanor could not be interpreted as coming within the next superior category, be punished with imprisonment for thirteen years, in consequence of any peculiar atrocity in his act that might render such severity advisable. Still, when he encountered in prison another man who had committed a *greater* crime, but under mitigating circumstances, and who was working out the minimum penalty of twelve years, the difference between them would not be an evidence of the slightest injustice. It could never then occur, as it is now occurring, that a boy of sixteen is working out a sentence in Sing-Sing Prison of fifteen years for snatching a lady's pocket-book with six dollars from her hand, while a full-grown man, who shot another in cold blood, is living out a term, in a very easy mode, of only four years!

The actual condition of our prisons, aside from all questions in regard to the theories they represent, is deplorable. They are much overcrowded, and their capacities are strained to the very uttermost.

When you reflect for a moment upon this fact, you will see how pregnant it is with causes for real alarm.

The tide of criminals that flows through our court-rooms is rapidly becoming too great to be received with safety into the prisons we have.

This indicates that there is abroad in the community of wretches a fierce and rampant wickedness. The later efficiency of the police and severity of the justices have, no doubt, something to do with the swelling of the groups that daily enter the prison-doors, but the true causes are far deeper than that. One of them, and it is the one to which reference here may be fittingly made, is the flowing back of the current of old convicts upon the places in which their original wickedness was ingrained in their spirits, and inextricably sealed into their hearts.

Our old errors are now bearing bitter fruit for us. Our old neglect to treat our prisoners with thoughts for their future conduct, and our persistence in condemning them to the life of slaves, are now operating to our danger and to their everlasting misery.

It is indeed time to ask that reform do something for us. Here is a plain, definite, and tangible evil, gathering over it, as a marsh gathers a fog, a cloud of wrongs that cannot but yield us a dreadful rain.

ALBERT WEBSTER, JR.

THE WILD NORTH-LAND.

CONCLUSION.

CASTING off from camp, on the morning of the 12th, the travelers pushed into the mouth of the cañon. At once their troubles began. The steep walls of smooth rock rose directly out of the water—sometimes washed

by a torrent, at others beaten by a back-whirl and foaming eddy. In the centre ran a rush of water that nothing could stem. Poling, paddling, clinging with hands and nails to the rock; often beaten back, and always edging up again, they crept slowly along under the overhanging cliff, which leaned out two hundred feet above them to hold upon its dizzy verge some clinging pine-tree. In the centre of the chasm, about half a mile from its mouth, a wild cataract of foam forbade their passage; but, after a whole morning's labor, they succeeded in bringing the canoe safely to the foot of this rapid, and moored her in a quiet eddy behind a sheltering rock. Here they unloaded, and, clambering up a cleft in the cañon-wall two hundred feet above them, passed along the top of the cliff, and bore their loads to the upper or western end of the cañon, fully a mile from the boat. The day was hot and sweltering, and it was hard work.

In one of these many migrations between camp and canoe, it chanced one evening that, missing the trail, Captain Butler's footsteps led him to the base of a small knoll, the sides and summit of which were destitute of trees. Climbing to the top of this hill, he beheld a view of extraordinary beauty. Over the sea of forest, from the dark-green and light-green ocean of tree-tops, the solid mountain-mass lay piled against the east. Below his stand-point the first long reach of the cañon opened out—a grim fissure in the forest, in the depths of which the waters caught the reflection of the sunlit skies above, glowing brightly between the walls of gloomy rock, deep hidden beneath the level rays of the setting sun, high above the cañon, high above the vast forest which stretched between him and the mountains. "And the eye, as it wandered over the tranquil ocean, upon whose waves the isles of light-green shade lay gold-crested in the sunset, seemed to rest upon fresh intervals of beauty, until the solid ramparts, rent and pinnacled, silent and impassive, caught and riveted its glance, as their snow-white, motionless fingers carved, in characters that ever last, the story of earth's loveliness upon the great blue dome of heaven."

They pushed through the dense under-wood, loaded down with all the paraphernalia of travel, and even Cerf-vola carried his load of boots and moose-meat. When they had finished carrying their loads, it was time for dinner; and that over, they set to work at once for the stiffer labor of hauling the canoe up the rapid of the cañon; for there was no hope of lifting her, she was too heavy, and the rocky walls were far too steep to allow of it. Up along-shore, through rapid and eddy, they dragged the craft, for here the north side had along its base ledges of rock and bits of shore, and taking advantage of these, sometimes in the canoe, and sometimes out of it in the water, they reached, at length, the last edge or cliff round which it was possible to proceed at the north shore.

For a long time they examined the spot and the surrounding cañon. Jacques and Captain Butler climbed up to the top above, and then down on hands and knees to a ledge, from which they could look over into the chasm, and

scan its ugly features. Beyond a doubt, it was ugly—the rock on which they lay hollowed down beneath them until it roofed the shore of the cañon with a half cavern, against which a wild whirlpool boiled up now and again, sinking suddenly into stillness. Even if they could stretch a line from above the rock to where their canoe lay below it, she might have been knocked to atoms in the whirlpool in her passage beneath the cavern; but the distance was too great to stretch a line across. The next and only course was to make a bold crossing from below the rock, and gain the other shore, up which it was possible to drag their canoe. Once over, the thing would be easy enough for at least a couple of hundred yards more.

They climbed back to the canoe and imparted the result of their investigation to the other two men. From the level of the boat the proposed crossing looked very ugly. It was across a wild rush of water, in the centre of the cañon, and if they failed to make a small eddy at the farther shore, they must drive full upon the precipice of rock, where below them boiled and seethed the worst rapid in the cañon—a mass of wave, and foam, and maddened surge. Once out of the sheltering eddy in which they lay watching this wild scene, they would be in the midst of a rock close above the rapid. There was no time to get headway on the canoe. It would shoot from shelter into furious current, and then, if it missed that little eddy, look out!

The more they looked at it, the less they liked it; but it was the sole means of passing the cañon, and retreat came not yet into their heads. They took their places—Kalder at the bow, Jacques at the stern, A—— and Captain Butler in the middle; then they hugged the rock for the last time, and shoved out into the swirl of waters. There was no time to think: they rose and fell; they dipped their paddles in the rushing waves with those wild, quick strokes which men use when life is in the blow; and then the cañon swung and rocked for a second, and, with a wild yell of Indian war-whoop from Kalder, which rose above the rush of the water, they were in the eddy at the farther shore.

It was well done. On again up the cañon with line from rock to rock, bit by bit, until, as the sun began to slope low upon the forest, they reach the foot of the last fall—the stiffest they had yet breasted. Above it lay their camp upon the north shore; above it will be easy work—they would have passed the worst of the Ominica River.

Made bold by former victory they passed their line round the rock, and bent their shoulders to haul the canoe up the slant of water. Kalder, with a long pole, held the frail craft out from the rock. A—— and Captain Butler were on the line, and Jacques was running up to assist, when suddenly there came upon the rope a fierce strain; all at once the canoe seemed to have the strength of half a dozen runaway horses. It spun them round, they threw all their strength against it, and snap went the rope midway over the water; the boat had suddenly sheered, and all was over. They had a second line fastened to the bow; this line was held by Kalder at the moment of the acci-

dent, but it was in loose coils about him, and of no service to stay the doomed rush. Worse than all, the canoe, now going like an arrow down the rapid, tightened the tangled coils around Kalder's legs; he ran every chance of being dragged feet foremost, from the smooth rock on which he stood, into the boiling torrent beneath.

Quicker than thought he realized his peril; he sprang from the treacherous folds, and dragged, with all his strength, the quick-running rope clear of his body; and then, like the Indian he was, threw all his weight to stay the canoe.

It was useless; his line snapped, and away went the canoe down the surge of water—down the lip of the fall—away—bearing with her their sole means of travel through the trackless wilderness!

The position of the adventurers was now almost a desperate one; their canoe was gone, and with it their meat and their tent, while a deep, rapid stream rolled between them and their camp. They were without food, shipwrecked in the wilderness. It was at last determined to go back along the upper edge of the cañon to the entrance opposite the camping-place of the night before, and attempt to make a raft from some old, half-decayed logs, wherewith to cross to the north shore and reach the camp above the cañon. It was a *dernier resort*, and there were many chances against success. But Fortune favored them, and they succeeded in reaching their old camp about dusk, thoroughly fatigued, the clothes hanging from their backs in ribbons, but still with thankful hearts that they had escaped still greater evils.

Little Jacques had not favored the idea of a raft, and had set off through the swamps along the south shore in the hope of finding the canoe stranded on some lower beach. Early on the following morning his voice was heard from the opposite side, announcing success. So Captain Butler and his men lashed together a secure raft, and crossed for Jacques, with whom they floated down the stream to where the stranded canoe lay.

A long consultation was held, and it was determined to make one more resolute effort to force the canoe up the rapids of the terrible cañon, the attempt being still more hazardous than before, as the river had risen nearly two feet since the last attempt. Captain Butler narrates the second failure so graphically that his own literal description is given:

"Once more the word was given, and we shot into the boiling flood. There was a moment's wild struggle, during which we worked with all the strength of despair. A second of suspense, and then we are borne backward—slowly, faster, yet faster—until, with a rush as of wings, and amid a roar of maddened water, we go downward toward the cañon's wall.

"'The rock! the rock!—keep her from the rock!' roared Jacques. We might as well have tried to stop an express-train. We struck, but it was the high bow, and the blow split us to the centre; another foot, and we must have been shivered to atoms. And now, ere there was time for thought, we were rushing, stern foremost, to the edge of the great rapid. There was no escape; we were as

helpless as if we had been chained in that black cañon. 'Put steerway on her!' shouted Jacques, and his paddle dipped a moment in the surge and spray. Another instant, and we were in it; there was a plunge—a dash of water on every side of us; the waves hissed around and above us, seeming to say, 'Now we have got you; for two days you have been edging along us, flanking us, and fooling us; but now it is our turn!'

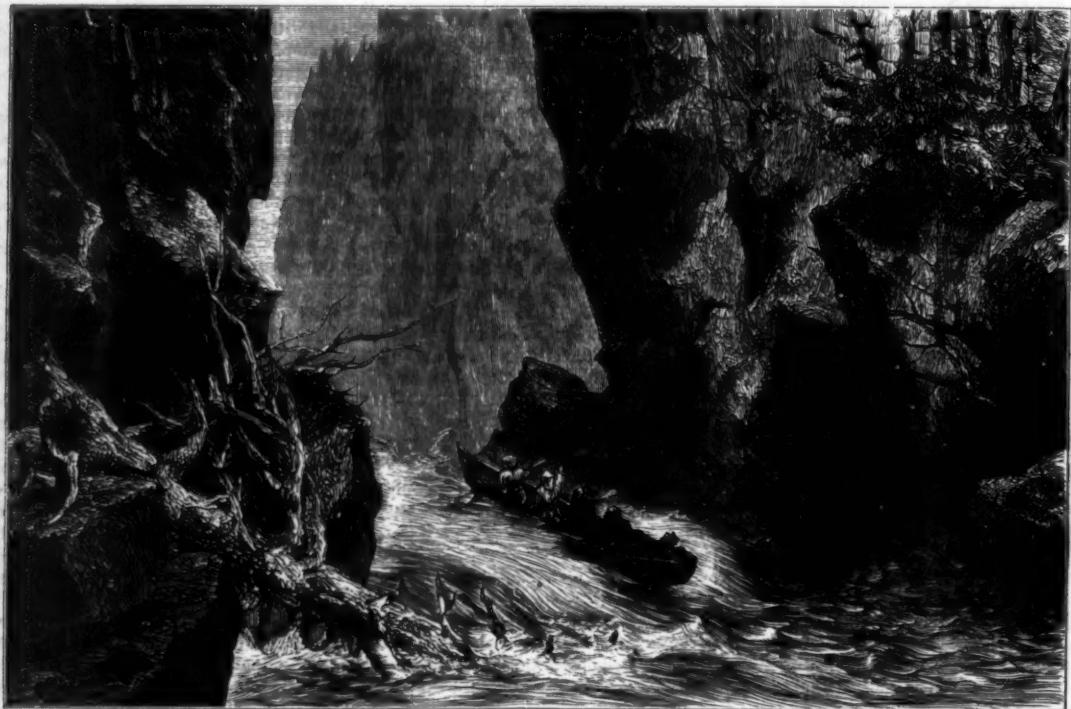
"The shock with which we struck into the mass of breakers was but the prelude to total wreck, and the first sensation I experienced was one of surprise that the canoe was still under us. But, after the first plunge, she rose well, and, amid the surge and spray, we could see the black walls of the cañon fitting by us as we glanced through the boiling flood.

of the gorge into the broader river, the sheen of colored blankets met their eyes on the south shore. There was a new camp close to the spot where they had built their raft on the night of the first disaster.

On landing they found blankets, three fresh beavers, a bag of flour, and a pair of miner's boots. Jacques looked at the latter, and pronounced them to belong to no less a personage than Pete Joy, the missing Cornish miner. And lo! in a few moments appeared that individual himself, with a huge load on his brawny back. He had evidently dreaded descending the flooded cañon with a loaded canoe, and was engaged in "portaging" his load from the upper to the lower end of the dangerous gorge. In an instant the whole difficulty was solved. The one canoe lay

Captain Butler, however, congratulated himself that his faithful Cerf-vola was happily preserved from every danger through which they had so many times grazed death itself.

Shortly after the perilous escapades of the great Ominica Cañon, Cerf-vola was the victim of an adventure which threatened to deprive his anxious master of any further trouble about him, and certainly would have been too much for any dog of ordinary digestion. Jacques had baited his hooks with moose-meat; in an evil moment he had laid one of these upon the shore and casting it into the water; Cerf-vola had swallowed bait, hook, and line, in a single mouthful; the hook was no mere salmon-hook, but one fully two inches in length, and of proportionate thickness—a full-sized cod-hook. His master turned to the



RUNNING THE BLACK CAÑON, STERN FOREMOST.

All this was but the work of a moment, and lo! breathless and dripping, with canoe half filled, we lay safe in quiet eddies where, below the fall, the water rested after its strife.

"Behind the rock we lay, for a few minutes, silent, while the flooded canoe rose and fell upon the swell of the eddy.

"If, after this escape, we felt loath to try the old road again, to venture a third time upon that crossing above the rapid, let no man hold our courage light."

After long deliberation retreat seemed inevitable. It was decided to carry all the baggage back to camp, load up the boat, and, abandoning the Black Cañon and the Ominica, seek through the Parsnip River an outlet toward the south. When they had loaded the canoe, and shot from under the sombre walls

above the cañon, the other below it. It was a matter simply of changing boats, and they could laugh at the whirling hell of waters, into whose ravenous jaws they had twice so boldly plunged. Their hearts were light with jubilee at the happy solution of the problem, and that night they held a grand feast on the unwonted luxuries which Pete had brought with him from the mining-camp: bacon, beans, dried apples, sugar, and flour, a repast fit for an emperor, if such an august personage could be so long absent from the haunts of civilization.

In the severe struggles through which they had passed they had disengaged themselves of nearly every thing; all articles at all perishable in their nature had yielded to the destructive wear and tear of their rough life.

dog; he lay close to the outspread buffalo-robe, watching the preparation of supper; he looked as unmoved as though he had recently swallowed a bit of pemmican. One might have fancied, from his self-satisfied appearance, that large fish-hooks had ever formed a favorite article of food with him. Captain Butler gave him the greater portion of his supper, and he went to sleep as usual at his master's head. The latter could only attribute this fact to the quantity of fish he had consumed in his career; a moderate computation would allow him many thousand white-fish and pike in the course of his life; and, as he only made one mouthful of a large white-fish, the addition of a fish-hook in the matter was of no consequence.

After leaving the Ominica, with its wild

rapids and swift current, which had given the travelers so much trouble and toil, they reached the mining-camp of Germansen late on the evening of May 20th. A queer place was this mining-camp of Germansen, the most northern and remote of all the mines on the American Continent.

"Deep in the bottom of a valley, from whose steep sides the forest had been cleared or burned off, stood some dozen or twenty well-built wooden houses; a few figures moved in the dreary valley, ditches and drains ran along the hill-sides, and here and there men were at work with pick and shovel in the varied toil of gold-mining.

"The history of Germansen Creek had been the history of a thousand other creeks on the Western Continent. A roving miner had struck the glittering pebbles; the news had spread. From Montana, from Idaho, from California, Oregon, and Cariboo, men had flocked to this new 'find' in the far north. In 1871 twelve hundred miners had forced their way through almost incredible hardships to the new field; provisions reached a fabulous price; flour and pork sold at six and seven shillings a pound! The innumerable sharks that prey upon the miner flocked in to reap the harvest; some struck the golden dust, but the majority lost every thing, and for about the twentieth time in their lives became 'dead broke'; little was known of the severity of the season, and many protracted the time of their departure for more southern winter-quarters. Suddenly, on their return-march, the winter broke; horses and mules perished miserably along the forest-trail. At length the Fraser River was reached, a few canoes were obtained, but the ice was fast filling in the river. The men crowded into the canoes till they were filled to the edge; three wretched miners could find no room; they were left on the shore to their fate; their comrades pushed away. Two or three days later the three castaways were found frozen stiff on the inhospitable shore.

"The next summer saw fewer miners at the Congo, and this summer saw fewer still; but if to-morrow another strike were to be made five hundred miles to the north of this remote Congo, hundreds would rush to it, caring little whether their bones were left to mark the long forest-trail. The miner has ever got his dream of an El Dorado fresh and sanguine. No disaster, no repeated failure, will discourage him. His golden paradise is always 'away up' in some half-inaccessible spot in a wilderness of mountains. Nothing daunts him in this wild search of his. Mountains, rivers, cañons, are the enemies he is constantly wrestling with. Nature has locked her treasures of gold and silver in deep mountain-caverns, as though she would keep them from the daring men who strive to rob her. But she cannot save them. When one sees this wonderful labor, this delving into the bowels of rock and shingle, this turning and twisting of river-channel, and sluicing and dredging and blasting, going on in these strange, out-of-the-way places, the thought occurs, if but the tenth part of this toil were expended by these men in the ordinary avocations of life, they would all be rich or comfortable. The miner cannot settle down—at

least for a long time—the life has a strange fascination for him; he will tell you that for one haul he has drawn twenty blanks; he will tell you that he has lost more money in one night at 'faro,' or 'poker,' than would suffice to have kept him decently for five years; he will tell you that he has frequently to put two dollars into the ground in order to dig one dollar out of it, and yet he cannot give up the wild, free life. He is emphatically a queer genius; and, no matter what his country, his characteristics are the same. It would be impossible to discipline him, yet I think that, were he amenable to even a semblance of restraint and command, forty thousand miners might conquer a continent.

"His knowledge of words is peculiar; he has thousand phrases of his own which it would be needless to follow him into.

"'Don't prevaricate, sir!' thundered a British Columbian judge to a witness from the mines, 'don't prevaricate, sir!'

"'Can't help it, judge,' answered the miner. 'Ever since I got a kick in the mouth from a mule that knocked my teeth out, I prevaricate a good deal.'

From Germansen to Quesnelle, to which latter point Captain Butler was *en route*, was one hundred and thirty miles, and, as the mail-carrier, who had just arrived, reported the snow five feet deep on the Bald and Nation River Mountains, and the rivers running bank-high, it looked as if our traveler's troubles were not yet over.

"Twelve miles from Germansen Creek stood the other mining-camp of Mansen. More ditches, more drains, more miners, more drinking; two or three larger saloons; more sixes and sevens of diamonds and debilitated-looking kings and queens of spades littering the dusty street; the wrecks of 'faro' and 'poker' and 'seven-up' and 'three-card monte'; more Chinamen and Hydah squaws than Germansen could boast of; and Mansen lay the same miserable-looking place that its older rival had already appeared. Yet every person was kind and obliging. Mr. Grahame, postmaster, dealer in gold-dust, and general merchant, cooked with his own hands a most excellent repast, the discussion of which was followed by further introductions to mining celebrities.

"Mr. Stirling's saloon at Mansen was a very fair representation of what, in this country, we would call a 'public-house,' but, in some respects, the saloon and the public differ widely. The American saloon is eminently patriotic. Western America, and, indeed, America generally, takes its 'cocktails' in the presence of soul-stirring mementos; from above the lemons, the colored wine-glass, the bunch of mint, and the many alcoholic mixtures which stand behind the bar—General Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and President Grant, look placidly upon the tippling miner; but, though Mr. Stirling's saloon could boast its card-tables, its patriotic pictures, and its many 'slings' and 'juleps,' in one important respect it fell far short of the ideal mining paradise. It was not a hurdy-house; music and dancing were both wanting. It was a serious drawback, but it was explained that Mansen had become too much 'played out' to afford to pay the piper, and

hurdiest had never penetrated to the fastnesses of the Peace-River mines."

When the last mining hero had departed, Captain Butler lay down in Mr. Grahame's sanctum, to snatch a few hours' sleep ere the first dawn would call him to the march. He lay on the postmaster's bed while that functionary got together his little bags of gold-dust, his few letters and mail matters for his companion, Rufus Sylvester, the express-man. This work occupied him until shortly before dawn, when he abandoned it to resume the duties of cook in preparing the captain's breakfast. Day was just breaking over the pine-clad hills as they bade adieu to this kind host, and, with rapid strides, set out through the sleeping camp. Kalder, the Hydah Indian, and the Untiring, had preceded on the previous evening, and our traveler was alone with the express-man, Mr. Rufus Sylvester. He carried on his back a small, compact, but heavy load, some six hundred ounces of gold-dust being the weightiest item; but, nevertheless, he crossed with rapid steps over the frozen ground. They carried in their hands snow-shoes for the mountain-range still lying some eight miles away. The trail led o'er hill and through valley, gradually ascending for the first six miles, until, through breaks in the pines, appeared the snowy ridges toward which they were tending. Soon the white patches lay around them in the forest, but the frost was severe, and the surface was hard under their moccasins. Finding the snow-crust was sufficient to bear their weight, they *cachéd* the snow-shoes and held a course up the mountain. Deeper grew the snow; thinner and smaller became the pines—dwarf things, that hung wisps of blue-gray moss from their shrunken limbs. At last they ceased to appear, and the summit-ridges of the Bald Mountain spread out under the low-hung clouds. The big white ptarmigan *bleated* like sheep in the thin, frosty air. The travelers crossed the topmost ridge, where snow ever dwells, and saw beneath far-stretching valley. Captain Butler turned to take a last look to the north; the clouds had lifted, the sun had risen some time; away over an ocean of peaks lay the lofty ridge he had named "Galley More" a fortnight earlier, when emerging from the Black Cañon. He rose above him then, the monarch of the range; now he lay far behind, one of the last landmarks of the wild North-land.

They began to descend; again the sparse trees were around them; the snow gradually lessened; and, after five hours of incessant and rapid walking, they reached a patch of dry grass, where Kalder, the English miner, and the Indians with the horses, were awaiting them.

This last mountain-journey was not the less tedious and difficult than the closing experience of that long and varied travel, snow-swept, toil-laden, full at times of wreck, and peril, and disaster, and it is not to be wondered at that they saluted with joy the blue pine-tops, through which rolled the broad rivers of the Pacific.

They were yet distant about forty-five miles from fort St. James, but Captain Butler's companion thought that a rapid march would take them to the half-way house on the

morrow. Daylight found them in motion, and, before noon, a lofty ridge arose before them, with a trail winding up its long ascent. Rufus called it the "Lookout Mountain." The top was bare of forest, the day was bright with sunshine; not a cloud lay over the vast plateau of Middle New Caledonia.

"Five hundred snowy peaks rose up along the horizon—the Nation Lake Mountains, the farther ranges of the Ominica, the ridges which lie between the many tributaries of the Peace and the countless lakes of the North Frazer. Babine, Tatia, Pinkley, Stuart's, and far off to the west the old monarchs of the Rocky Mountains, rose up to look a last farewell to the wanderer, who now carried away to distant lands a hundred memories of their lonely beauty. On the south slope of the Lookout Mountain, a gigantic pine-tree first attracts the traveler's eye; its seamed trunk is dusky red, its dark and sombre head is lifted high above all other trees, and the music which the winds make through its branches seems to come from a great distance. It is the Douglas pine of the Pacific coast, the monarch of Columbian forests, a tree which Turner must have seen in his dreams.

"A few miles south of the mountain, the country opened out into pleasant prairies fringed with groves of cotton-wood; the grass was growing thick and green, the meadows were bright with flowers. Three fat horses were feeding upon one of these meadows—they were the property of Rufus. We caught them with some little difficulty, and turned our two poor, thin animals adrift in peace and plenty; then, mounting the fresh steeds, we hurried on to Fort St. James.

"The saddle was a pleasant change after the hard marching of the last few days. Mud and dust and stones, alternating with the snow of the mountains, had told heavily against our moccasined feet, but the worst was now over, and henceforth we would have horses to Quesnelle.

"It was yet some time before sundown when we cantered down the sloping trail which leads to the Fort St. James. Of course the Untiring was at his usual post—well to the front. Be it dog-train, or march on foot, or march with horses, the Untiring led the van, his tail, like the plume of Henry of Navarre at Ivry, ever waving his followers to renewed exertions. It would be no easy matter to enumerate all the Hudson's Bay forts which the Untiring had entered at the head of his train. Long and varied experience had made him familiar with every description of post, from the imposing array of wooden buildings which marked the residence of a chief factor, down to the little isolated hut wherein some half-breed servant carries on his winter traffic on the shore of a nameless lake.

"Cerf-vola knew them all. Freed from his harness in the square of a fort—an event which he usually accelerated by dragging his sled and three other dogs to the door-way of the principal house—he at once made himself master of the situation, paying particular attention to two objective points: First, the intimidation of resident dogs; second, the topography of the provision-store. Ten minutes after his entry into a previously unex-

plored fort, he knew to a nicety where the white-fish were kept, and where the dry meat and pemmican lay. But, on this occasion at Fort St. James, a woful disaster awaited him.

"With the memory of many triumphal entries full upon him, he now led the way into the square of the fort, totally forgetting that he was no longer a hauling-dog, but a free-lance, or a rover on his own account. In an instant, four huge haulers espied him, and, charging from every side, ere I could force in upon the conflict to balance sides a little, they completely prostrated the hitherto invincible Esquimaux, and, at his last Hudson's Bay post, near the close of his twenty-five-hundred-mile march, he experienced his first defeat. We rescued him from his enemies before he had suffered much bodily hurt, but he looked considerably tail-fallen at this unlooked-for reception, and passed the remainder of the day in strict seclusion underneath my bed.

"Stuart's Lake is a very beautiful sheet of water. Tall mountains rise along its western and northern shores, and forest promontories stretch far into its deep-blue waters. It is the favorite home of the salmon, when, late in summer, he has worked his long, toilsome way up the innumerable rapids of the Frazer, five hundred miles from the Pacific.

"Colossal sturgeon are also found in its waters, sometimes weighing as much as eight hundred pounds. With the exception of rabbits, game is scarce along the shores, but at certain times rabbits are found in incredible numbers. The Indian women snare them by sackfuls, and every one lives on rabbit, for, when rabbits are numerous, salmon are scarce.

"The daily rations of a man in the wide domain of the Hudson's Bay Company are singularly varied.

"On the south shores of Hudson's Bay a *voyageur* receives every day one wild-goose; in the Saskatchewan he gets ten pounds of buffalo-meat; in Athabasca, eight pounds of moose-meat; in English River, three large white-fish; in the north, half fish and reindeer; and here in New Caledonia he receives for his day's food eight rabbits or one salmon. Start not, reader, at the last item! The salmon is a dried one, and does not weigh more than a pound and a half in its reduced form."

After a day's delay at Fort St. James, they started again on the southern road. A canoe carried them to a point some five-and-twenty miles lower down the Stuart's River—a rapid stream of considerable size, which bears the outflow of the lake, and of the long line of lakes lying north of Stuart's, into the main Frazer River.

Captain Butler here said good-by to Kalder, who was to return to Peace River on the following day. A whiskey-saloon in the neighborhood of the fort had proved too much for this hot-tempered half-breed, and he was in a state of hilarious grief when they parted. "He had been very hasty," he said, "would the master squeeze him, as he was sorry; he would always go with this master again if he ever came back to Peace River;" and then the dog caught his eye, and, over-

powered by his feelings, he vanished into the saloon."

Guided by an old carrier Indian chief, the canoe swept out of the beautiful lake and ran swiftly down the Stuart's River. By sunset they had reached the spot where the trail crosses the stream, and here they camped for the night; their horses had arrived before them, under convoy of Tom the Indian.

On the following morning, the 31st of May, they reached the banks of the Nacharcole River, a large stream flowing from the west; open prairies of rich land fringed the banks of this river, and, far as the eye could reach to the west, no mountain-ridge barred the way to the Western Ocean.

This river has its source within twenty miles of the Pacific, and is, in the opinion of our traveler, the true line to the sea for a northern railroad, whenever Canada shall earnestly take in hand the work of riveting together the now widely-separated portions of her vast dominion.

Crossing the wide Nacharcole River, and continuing south for a few miles, they reached broadly-cut trail, which bore curious traces of past civilization. Old telegraph-poles stood at intervals along the forest-cleared opening, and rusted wire hung in loose festoons down from their tops, or lay tangled amid the growing brushwood of the cleared space. A telegraph in the wilderness! What did it mean?

When civilization once grasps the wild, lone spaces of the earth, it seldom releases its hold; yet here Civilization once had advanced her footsteps, and apparently shrank back again, frightened at her boldness. It was even so; this trail, with its ruined wire, told of the wreck of a great enterprise. While yet the Atlantic cable was an unsettled question, a bold idea sprang to life in the brain of an American. It was to connect the Old World and the New, by a wire stretched through the vast forests of British Columbia and Alaska, to the straits of Behring; thence across the Tundras of Kamtschatka, and around the shores of Okhotsk, the wires would run to the Amoor River, to meet a line which the Russian Government would lay from Moscow to the Pacific.

It was a grand scheme, but it lacked the elements of success, because of ill-judged route and faulty execution. The great telegraph company of the United States entered warmly into the plan. Exploring-parties were sent out: one pierced these silent forests; another surveyed the long line of the Yukon; another followed the wintry shores of the Sea of Okhotsk, and passed the Tundras of the black Gulf of Anadir.

Four million dollars were spent in these expeditions. Suddenly news came that the Atlantic cable was an accomplished fact. Brunel had died of a broken heart; but the New World and the Old had welded their thoughts together, with the same blow that broke his heart.

Europe spoke to America beneath the ocean, and the voice which men had sought to waft through the vast forests of the wild North-land, and over the Tundras of Siberia, died away in utter desolation.

So the great enterprise was abandoned,

and to-day, from the lonely shores of Lake Babine to the bend of the Frazer at Quesnelle, the ruined wire hangs loosely through the forest.

During the first two days of June they journeyed through a wild, undulating country, filled with lakes and rolling hills; grassy openings were numerous, and many small streams, filled with fish, intersected the land.

The lakes of this northern plateau are singularly beautiful. Many isles lie upon their surface; from tiny promontories the huge Douglas pine lifts his motionless head. The great northern diver, the loon, dips his white breast in the blue wavelets, and sounds his melancholy cry through the solitude. There is no sound which conveys a sense of indescribable loneliness so completely as this wail, which the loon sends at night over the forest-shores. The man who wrote

"And on the mere the wailing died away," must have heard it in his dreams.

With this characteristic memory of the sounds of the solemn and lonely wilderness ends the story of our hardy and indefatigable traveler. Far before him spread civilization and the shining waters of the Pacific, behind him a thousand reminiscences of the wild North-land, thoughts which would soon become all the more vivid and striking, for he was hurrying home to join the African expeditionary forces under his old friend and leader, Sir Garnet Wolseley. Let us hope that he will give us another book of adventure and travel about the torrid antipodes no less entertaining than the present one.

STAR-GAZING.

LET be what is: why should we strive and wrestle,
With mobile skill, against a subtle doubt?
Or plun a mystery with our puny pestle,
And vainly try to Bray its secret out?

What boots it me to gaze at other planets,
And speculate on sensate beings there?
It helps me not, that, since the moon began its
Well-ordered course, it knew no breath of air.

There may be men and women up in Venus,
Where science finds both summer-green
and snow;
But are we happier, asking, "Have they seen us?
And, like us earth-men, do they yearn to know?"

On greater globes than ours men may be
greater,
For all things we see in proportion run;
But will it make our poor cup any sweeter
To think a nobler Shakespeare thrills the
sun?

Or that our sun is but itself a minor,
Like this small earth—a tenth-rate satellite,
That swings submissively round an orb diviner,
Whose day is lightning, with our day for
night?

Or, farther still, that that sun has a centre,
Round which it meanly winds a servile road;
Ah, will it raise us or degrade, to enter
Where that sun's Shakespeare towers almost to God?

No, no; far better, "lords of all creation,"
To strut our ant-hill and to take our ease;
To look aloft and say, "That constellation
Was lighted there my regal sight to
please!"

We owe no thanks to so-called men of science,
Who demonstrate that earth, not sun, goes
round;

"Twer better think the sun a mere appliance
To light man's villages and heat his ground.

There seems no use in asking or in humbling:
The mind incurious has the most of rest.
If we can live and laugh and pray, not grum-
bling,

"Tis all we can do here—and 'tis the best.

The throbbing brain will burst its tender rai-
ment

With futile force, to see by finite light
How man's brief period and eternal payment
Are weighed as equal in the Infinite sight.

"Tis all in vain to struggle with abstraction—
The Milky-Way that tempts our mental
glass;

The study for mankind is, earth-born action;
The highest wisdom, let the wondering pass.

The Lord knows best: He gave us thirst for
learning;
And deepest knowledge of his work betrays
No thirst left waterless. Shall our soul-yearn-
ing,
Apart from all things, be a quenchless
blaze?

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

MISCELLANY.

"LEATHER-STOCKING" ON THE STAGE.

THE production at Niblo's Theatre, in this city, of a dramatized version of Fenimore Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans" elicited from Mr. Winter, the accomplished dramatic critic of the *Tribune*, an elaborate criticism, from which we quote a passage marked by singular beauty and poetic insight:

"It ought to be considered that the inherent spiritual charms appertaining to different forms of art are not interchangeable. The best Grecians are agreed that something yet remains in Homer which translation has never grasped. The characteristic magic of a romance will not impart its thrill to a drama. In this particular case, accordingly, those who should expect, in any play, reproduction of the soul of Cooper's genius would inevitably be disappointed. Certain dramatic elements his genius and his stories do, indeed, possess; but the essential quality of them is the evanescent spirit of romance and that can no more be cramped within stage-grooves than the notes of the wind-harp can be imprisoned in a bird-cage. Often, when Cooper is imaginative, his mind revels over vast spaces, alike in the trackless wilderness and on the trackless ocean—forests that darken half a continent, and tremendous icebergs that crash and crumble upon unknown seas. More often he is descriptive and meditative, moralizing, like Wordsworth, on rock and river and the tokens of God in the wonders of creation. His highest mood of feeling is that of calm-eyed philosophy. His highest ideal of virtue is self-sacrifice. His best pictures are too broad in scope and too voluminous in details for illustration in a theatre. Neither Jas-

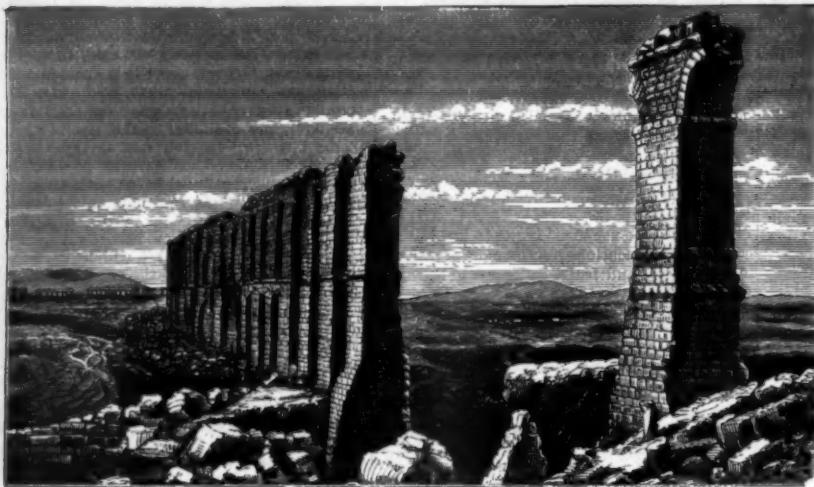
per's white-winged descent upon the Indian ambuscade, nor the flight of *Hutter's* ark, nor *Chingachgook* singing his death-song, nor the mysterious *Pilot* steering his ship, in night and tempest, through a perilous channel and a thousand dangers of death, could ever be shown in scenery. His highest figures, moreover, are types of the action that passes within the heart; of passion that is repressed; of what is suffered rather than of what is done. He never painted better than when he painted the *Pathfinder* vanishing on the dusky edge of the forest, after the parting with *Mabel*; and in this lovely and pathetic incident, as in many that are kindred with it, there is not a particle of dramatic effect. Salient features are alone available for the purpose of the dramatist, and it is not in salient features that the spell of Cooper's genius resides.

"If these views are sound, Mr. Rowe has succeeded as thoroughly as any one could reasonably be expected to succeed, under the peculiar conditions of the case. The most that could be exacted is that the adapter of 'Leather-stockings' should choose the representative story of the series, bring out the strong points, suggest the central character, and keep abreast of his subject, in taste and dignity. All this Mr. Rowe has accomplished in dramatizing 'The Last of the Mohicans'; and if his play does not match his model, in rounded ideal, entire naturalness, and protracted, breathless interest, that result comes by obvious necessity, and is not a fault. The essence of the novel—the wildwood fragrance of fancy, and the reiterated yet constantly varied mood of suspense—eludes dramatic treatment. The reader of the story is constantly aware of this charm, and never so much aware of it, perhaps, as in that absorbing chapter which describes the commencement of *Munro's* quest of his daughters, after the massacre. The spectator of the play is never aware of it at all. He is continually interested, indeed, and at times he is excited and impressed; but he is no longer ruled by the massive sincerity of Cooper's feeling, and the honest, minute thoroughness of his simple text, and he is no longer swayed by his own imagination. In the silence of the library the reader may listen with *Hawkeye* for the rustle of a leaf, or the cracking of a twig, or the lonesome call of the loon across the darkening lake at sunset. In the glare of the theatre-lamps, and when neither the situation nor the language is ideal, the spectator perceives that his vision is limited by the picture before him—and the inward ear is shut and the inward eye is darkened. It is the nature of some books that they lure us into a dream of pleasure and keep us there; and it is the nature of some stage pictures that they confront fancy with fact and stop our dreaming with a shock. Nothing in Cooper's delineation of wilderness life seems incongruous or absurd till the stage copy presents it as actual. His books have an atmosphere of their own—like the odor of pine-trees on the wind of night—and this the stage cannot preserve. They were not written for it and they cannot be fitted to its powers and its needs. They will yield it romantic pictures and strong incidents and a single and limited set of characters; but they will not yield it their glamour. The poet who brought home the sea-shells found that they had left their beauty on the beach."

ANCIENT AQUEDUCTS.

(From the new revised "AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA," now in course of publication by D. Appleton & Co.)

AQUEDUCT (Lat. *aqua*, of water, and *ductus*, a channel; formerly spelled *aqueduct*), a channel for the conveyance of water, or, in the more general acceptation of the



Ruins of the Aqueduct of Carthage.

word, a structure raised above the surface, upon which water-conduits are laid. Methods of supplying water which do not include such structures are commonly called water-works. The use of these conveyances for water to supply cities may be traced back to a very remote period in Persia and in Judea. The "pools of Solomon," near Bethlehem, were three large reservoirs connected with each other, from which water was conveyed to Jerusalem, six miles distant. One of these pools was five hundred and eighty-two feet long, and, at an average, about one hundred and eighty wide. Jerusalem is still supplied with water from them through a ten-inch earthen pipe. In Egypt and Babylonia similar works were constructed in very early ages. Enough remains of the ancient aqueduct of Carthage to show that it was one of the most remarkable of these great works; upon it the waters from the mountains of Zeugia were conveyed through an arched conduit six feet wide and four feet deep. The whole length was seventy miles. The ruin here illustrated is that of an arcade near Undena, composed of one thousand arches, many of which were over one hundred feet in height. In its construction hydraulic cement was largely used, which is at present so solid that a single piece over one hundred feet in length has fallen from the top without being broken. The ancient city of Mexico was supplied with water by the aqueduct of Chapultepec, built by Montezuma, and carried across the lake upon a causeway. But no aqueducts, ancient or modern, equal in length or in expense of labor those constructed by the Incas of Peru. To irrigate their sterile soil, they brought water from the reservoirs of the mountains several hundred miles off. The aqueducts passed along the precipitous sides of the Andes, penetrating some by tunnels worked through the solid rock without iron tools, and crossing chasms upon walls and arches of solid masonry. The conduit was constructed of large slabs of freestone, which were closely fitted together without cement. The works have long since fallen to ruins. — The Romans, however, exceeded all other nations, an-

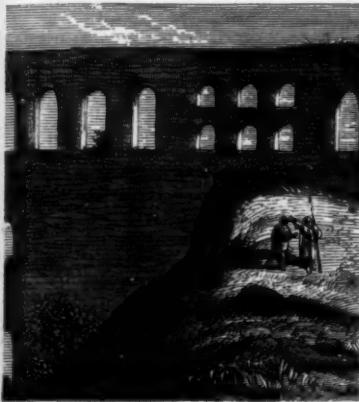
cient and modern, in the construction of these works. A treatise "De Aqueductibus Urbis Romae" was written by the consul Sextus Julius Frontinus, who had the direction of the aqueducts under the Emperor Nerva. He refers to nine different aqueducts, which brought into the city daily twenty-eight million cubic feet of pure water. The number of these was afterward increased to twenty-four, some of which had several channels placed one above another, and extending many miles. They were built on a grade of regular descent, winding around the hills or penetrating them by tunnels, and in the low levels supported on arches, which sometimes, as in the New Anio, extended for six and a half miles in one continued series, many of the arches more than one hundred feet high. The whole length of this aqueduct was over sixty-three miles. The Aqua Martia, which extended thirty-eight miles, contained nearly seven thousand arches. The conduits were constructed in brick or in stone-work laid in cement. There were numerous openings for ventilation and cisterns for collecting the sediment, in consequence of which the water was very pure. The Aqua Julia and Aqua Te-

Gorse to the city in such quantity that from its basins were filled in which mock naval engagements took place. The ruins of this great work still remain. There may also be cited the aqueducts of the island of Mitylene, of Antioch, of Segovia in Spain, and of Constantinople. The aqueduct of Antioch was supplied from Beit el-Ma, six miles distant. The illustration given is that of a portion of one of the main bridges, seven hundred feet long and two hundred feet high. Though solidly built, it is yet the rudest example of Roman work, and contrasts strangely with the bridge of the aqueduct of Nimes, or Pont du Gard, across which the waters of the river Hure were led. This bridge spanned the valley of the river Gardon by a triple row of arches, the first six having a span of sixty feet each; above these were twelve similar ones; while the upper row was composed of thirty-six smaller arches arranged as in the illustration, the whole forming one of the finest examples of Roman architecture. In 1740, under the direction of the French engineer Pitot, this bridge was converted into a roadway. The aqueduct of Spoleto was built by Theodoric the Goth. One of the



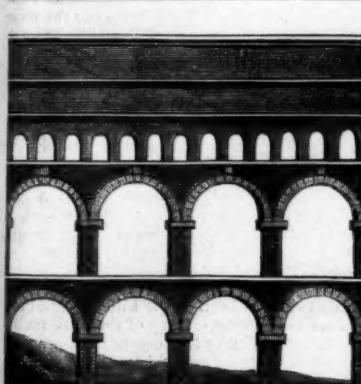
Ruins of the Aqua Claudia.

bridges was eight hundred and ten feet long, and the main arches were two hundred and forty feet high. This work remains entire. Though the Romans constructed their aqueducts so as to obtain a gradual descent, it is evident that they were not compelled to do so from ignorance of other methods. Professor Leslie obtained a lead pipe supposed to have



Aqueduct of Antioch.

been used at the baths of Caracalla; and Delorme states that the waters from Mount Pila crossed three valleys through inverted siphons. The water was collected in a reservoir upon one hill and conducted through nine lead pipes eight and one-half inches in diameter and one and one-twelfth inch thick down the hill-side, thence along an arcade eighty



Pont du Gard, Nîmes.

feet high, and up the opposite slope, where it was discharged into a second reservoir. It is estimated that the lead alone used in these three inverted siphons would now be worth two million five hundred thousand dollars. In modern aqueducts the system of gradual descent is only partially followed, the use of cast-iron pipes admitting of frequent changes in the inclination.

THE LITERARY REMAINS OF PROSPER MERIMÉE.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

PROSPER MERIMÉE has left voluminous manuscripts, which are to be speedily issued under the editorial supervision of his intimate friend Louis Jourdain. The first volume will

embrace Mérimée's autobiography, which, according to the account of a contributor to *La Liberté*, who has read the proof-sheets, will be certain to excite the liveliest interest; for, during the past fifty years, Prosper Mérimée came in contact with all the illustrious personages of France. He was one of the few eminent writers of that country who had no enemies, and yet was esteemed by everybody whose esteem was worth having. Says the above-mentioned correspondent of *La Liberté*: "This book will throw light on many remarkable episodes in the literary and political history of France since 1830, which are still imperfectly understood. For instance, Mérimée proves that, had he not come a few minutes too late, the deplorable duel between Emile de Girardin and Armand Carrel (which terminated in the death of the latter) would have never taken place. Louis Philippe had heard that such a duel between the two renowned editors of the papers most bitterly hostile to him was in contemplation. With a magnanimity, of which the Orleans king was frequently capable, he sent for Prosper Mérimée, and said to him: 'You are a friend of Messrs. Girardin and Carrel. Tell me that the two gentlemen intend to kill each other. You must stop the duel. The government is powerless to interfere. Convince them, I pray you, of the folly of their undertaking.' M. Mérimée hastened, in one of Louis Philippe's own carriages, to the spot where the two illustrious duelists were to meet in deadly combat; but he was too late. Poor Armand Carrel was already dead. Mérimée returned to the king, who deplored the death of his bitter political antagonist with tears in his eyes. 'Is this better than assassination?' exclaimed Louis Philippe. This exclamation was reported to Emile de Girardin, and thenceforth he became a more mortal foe than ever before of the July dynasty."

When the youthful Queen Victoria visited Paris, in 1840, she said to the queen, "Do you not find my French accent very bad?" The queen made a polite reply. Louis Philippe, who was then in excellent humor, said to Victoria playfully: "My dear child, they say that we in the Tuilleries here do not speak very good French either. Let us send for Prosper Mérimée. He reads beautifully. Shall he read one of his novelettes to us tonight?" Queen Victoria gladly accepted the proposition. Prosper Mérimée was sent for. He read in the queen's drawing-room, to the small but most cultivated audience, his beautiful little tale "Norine." Victoria was charmed. When the reading was over, she gave the author, whose voice was very fine, a small diamond ring, and asked him if he would not like to come over to England, and become her reader. "Ah," said Louis Philippe, gayly, "this will never do. M. Mérimée could not live on your heavy food in England. For your majesty must know that he is a terrible epicure. I do not even dare to invite him to dinner, for he is accustomed to daintier meals. I have even been told that he is himself an excellent cook.—How is that, Monsieur Mérimée?" The novelist, who was then still a young man, had blushingly to admit that he had among his literary brethren in Paris the reputation of some culinary skill. "What is your forte in that line?" asked the old king, whose good-humor seemed inexhaustible on that occasion. Blushing to the roots of his hair, Mérimée replied, "Macaroni, sire."

Mérimée, in truth, was famous in Paris for the succulent macaroni which he could prepare. Both Rossini and Alexandre Dumas were jealous of his reputation in regard to the favorite dish of the Italians, and so one day a regular contest was arranged between the three eminent mea at Rossini's villa in Passy as to who could make the best macaroni. The umpires were Meyerbeer, Auber, and young Théophile Gautier. To Mme. Rossini's great

amusement the three contestants, with white aprons over their coats, went to work in her kitchen. Alexandre Dumas told them stories while they were thus engaged, Auber played on the piano in the adjoining room, and Meyerbeer, who was a passable caricaturist, tried to depict the curious scene in the kitchen. At last the repast was ready, and the umpires and cooks sat down to dinner. All three dishes of macaroni were good enough. The umpires declared their inability to decide the contest. Dumas claimed that his dish was the best, and a nice little wrangle ensued. While this was going on, Rossini was called into the anteroom, where a stranger wished to see him. He went out not in the best of humor. The visitor was a performer on the curious instrument which consists of glasses, filled with various quantities of water. "Great maestro," he said respectfully to Rossini, "will you allow me to perform before you on this humble instrument your immortal overture to 'William Tell'?" Rossini looked at the man for a moment, and then rushed back into the dining-room. His guests inquired what made him so angry. "Can you imagine," he exclaimed, with ludicrous rage, "that there is a fellow outside who wants to play to me the overture to 'William Tell' on tumblers, filled with muddy water?"

Mérimée was noted for the extraordinary rapidity with which he wrote his works. One day he was together with Buloz, the proprietor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. M. Buloz made a contract with him for a new novel. "I should like to have it as soon as possible," he said to Mérimée. "Very well," replied the latter, and went to a neighboring coffee-house, where he called for writing-materials, and in three hours wrote the beautiful story, "Une Femme," which the French critics pronounced one of his best productions. M. Buloz refused to believe that he had written the story in so short a space of time, and accompanied Mérimée to the *café*, where he was reluctantly convinced that such had indeed been the case.

On another occasion poor, dissipated Gérard de Nerval was taken sick. He had no money, and asked Mérimée, who happened to call on him, for a loan. "My pockets are empty," said Mérimée, gayly, "but you need not despair. Yesterday I met Bertin, of the *Débats*, who scolded me for being so lazy lately. What shall I write for him?" An hour later a messenger-boy was on his way to the office of the above-mentioned newspaper, and he returned shortly afterward with a one-hundred-franc note, and Nerval was relieved.

At Louis Napoleon's court, during the first few years of the Second Empire, Mérimée was as welcome a visitor as he had been at the Tuilleries during the reign of Louis Philippe; but at a later period he staid away from there. The empress had offended him without intending it; but M. Mérimée had one vulnerable point; he was extremely sensitive about his books. The empress, at her Monday receptions, was fond of conversing with literary men, although she was by no means sufficiently accomplished to do so creditably. Imagine poor Mérimée's feelings when one day, in the presence of the saucy Sainte-Beuve and other persons, Mme. Eugénie asked him naively if his last work, "Le Dragon Bleu," had been successful! "Le Dragon Bleu" was written by the sensational novelist Xavier de Montépin, between whose horrible tales and the idyllic stories of Prosper Mérimée there was the widest difference conceivable. Prosper Mérimée bit his lips, and so did Sainte-Beuve and other persons who heard her majesty's remark. No one corrected her; but thenceforth Mérimée kept away from the Tuilleries.

With the emperor he got along much better. Louis Napoleon was really fond of Mérimée's, Mery's, and About's novels, and,

when he met those authors, he would converse with them about the plots of their tales in a most discriminating manner, so that Méry one day said to him, "Sire, you must write a novel yourself." Napoleon laughingly replied that he had written a novel while he was at school in Augsburg, but one of his preceptors had caught him at it, had read the incomplete manuscript and confiscated it, threatening him with punishment in case he should make another effort in that direction.

These are only a few of the anecdotes in which Prosper Mérimée's book abounds. The above-mentioned correspondent of *La Liberté* closes his article on it by saying: "Every page of this book possesses an indescribable charm. The reader always finds himself in the best society; he sees illustrious persons in their dressing-gowns, portrayed by one who was on intimate terms with them, and whose narrative powers are equal to those of our most famous writers."

THE BLIND KING.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

In a small villa at Passy, surrounded by large old elm-trees, within a stone's-throw from the cottage, which, to Parisians, will remain ever memorable as the spot where Rossini passed so many years of his life, and breathed his last, there lives now a poor blind man, who, but a few years ago, sat upon a royal throne, and was called "brother" by the proudest monarchs of the earth. It is George V., until 1866 King of Hanover.* His whole history, almost from his early youth, has been one of suffering, sorrow, and resignation. He was, perhaps, the most gifted of the princes of the house of Brunswick-Lüneburg, and the Hanoverians longed for the time when he would succeed to the reign of his gross, tyrannous, and detested father, Ernest Augustus; for he was mild and kind-hearted, fond of literature and art, and most enlightened. All of a sudden, a serious accident endangered his eyesight, and the blunder of a celebrated oculist deprived him of it. When he ascended his father's throne, in 1852, he had been blind for many years. He had become, in his everlasting night, bigoted and superstitious, and, in all probability, his bright intellect had been impaired by the great loss he had sustained; for, although he could not see at all, he did not want people to know it. He would ride out on horseback, but would not allow the aide-de-camp, who led his horse, to do so except by the thinness of strings. He would go to the theatre, and sit out the whole performance, even when it was a pantomime. Music was his only real solace. That he loved most passionately. He even became quite a composer, his faithful consort acting as his amanuensis. His people half pitied, half hated him; for he wanted

to force on them absolute and reactionary tenets in matters of religion, he oppressed them politically as much as his father, and he showed himself especially averse to the longings of his subjects for a restoration of the unity of Germany. He looked upon himself as a king by divine right, as religiously as Louis XIV. of France had ever done. In a word, without knowing it, he was a bigoted, narrow-minded despot.

All at once the war of 1866 broke out, and, within the incredibly short space of two weeks, the grandson of George III. lost his land and his crown. The blow stunned him completely, and, when he recovered a little, his intellect was more clouded than ever. His family clung to him with intensified affection. They lived, the first years after their downfall, at Hietzing, near Vienna. In fine weather the blind king would take a walk, supported on the arm of his devoted daughter. The passers-by looked with commiseration upon the fallen monarch. But he himself would never allow any one to tell him that his crown was lost forever. He reiterated every day his prediction that within a few months he would make his triumphant reentry into Hanover. More punctilious than ever in regard to matters of etiquette, he insisted upon the maintenance of a ceremonial which, under the circumstances, had become positively absurd. As disappointment followed upon disappointment, and blow upon blow, the blind king became more and more deranged. He told his attendants that he had almost nightly visions, during which angels encouraged him to persevere in his efforts to recover his crown, promising him speedy success. At the same time he squandered three-fourths of the remnant of his patrimony upon designing adventurers, who amused the poor blind man with promises which could never be redeemed.

The Austrian court finally became tired of showing attentions to the ex-King of Hanover, and so he resolved to go to Paris; and now he is installed in the little villa in Passy. With him he has his wife, Queen Mary, and his daughter Frederica. His son, the "crown-prince," is at school in Austria. There are also six servants and two chamberlains.

Notwithstanding all this, the blind king acts as though he were surrounded by a multitude of courtiers, and lived in a vast palace. He is always addressed as "his majesty," and his every-day life is the same as it was at Hanover. His chamberlain awakens him at eight o'clock, and, while the king takes his chocolate in his bed, the dignitary reads an extract of the news of the day to him. Then comes the chief lackey to dress his majesty, who thereupon retires to his private cabinet to "work" with his secretary. This "work" consists in reading the letters and petitions which the mail-carrier has brought. The "petitions" are mostly from unscrupulous Hanoverians, who, knowing, as they do, the weakness of their former sovereign, write him begging letters, couched in terms of fulsome flattery. To this George V. is more accessible than ever, and the beggars invariably attain their object. At ten o'clock the king repairs to his reception-room, where, surrounded by the members of his family and his chamberlains, and, seated in an arm-chair adorned with the Hanoverian coat-of-arms, he waits for those who will call upon him. Sometimes a few Hanoverians, who visit Paris, make their appearance at these receptions. The king addresses a few condescending words to them, and graciously permits them to kiss his royal hand. To a Russian visitor he said the other day, "How is my imperial brother the czar?" Sometimes he rewards a distinguished caller by conferring the Hanoverian order upon him. All this is done with a gravity as if it were dead earnest, and not a hollow mockery.

As soon as the clock strikes eleven, the king motions to the chamberlain by his side, and the latter shouts, "L'audience est levée!" whereupon everybody bows to his majesty and retires.

The king then either takes a ride in the surroundings of Passy, or goes with his daughter to Paris to visit some of the museums or other interesting public places in the capital. But then, like all crowned heads, he assumes an *incognito*, and insists upon being addressed by those who know him as "Count Lüneburg." Although he cannot see any thing at all, he passes, on the arm of his faithful daughter, hours in the galleries of the Louvre or at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts.

Upon his return to the villa, he finds already the guests assembled that have been invited to dinner. They are selected exclusively from among the stanchest champions of the monarchists, and the conversation is so reactionary that it would certainly excite a smile even at the dinner-table of "Henry V." at Frohsdorf.

The repast is generally extended for several hours. If, on the same day, a "chamber-concert" is to take place in the ex-king's sitting-room, which is the case twice a week, just as formerly in Hanover, the guests are requested to remain all the evening. These "chamber-concerts" are really excellent entertainments, for the blind king is still a discriminating judge of music, and cannot tolerate inferior performances. The strictest etiquette is observed during the concert, and no one is permitted to applaud until his majesty gives the signal for it.

On other evenings the king, with the queen and princess, visits one of the Parisian theatres, and apparently a pantomime and ballet interest him as much as a comedy and opera.

There are at present some other dethroned monarchs in Paris, notably the ex-Queen of Spain, but they keep aloof from the former ruler of Hanover, because the people pretty generally suspect that the blind king is stark-mad.—*Illustrated Chronik.*

A BEAR-HUNT IN NORWAY.

THOUGH I have never had the fortune to see a bear in a state of nature, I have seen a good many bear-hunters. The greatest number of these were, like myself, bear-hunters only by name; but I have come across a good many professional bear-hunters in the course of my rambles in Norway. Bears are tolerably abundant in several parts of the country, and, as the government gives a premium for every bear that is killed, bear-hunters are not lacking. Many of these are really fine fellows; plucky to a degree; fellows who do not hesitate to go and beard Bruin in his den, single-handed, if necessary, and think nothing of the danger they are incurring. And when it is borne in mind that the rifles they use are manufactured by some country smith, and are single-barrels, too, it stands to reason they must run some risk of getting an unpleasant hug now and then. It is true a bear is a cowardly, loutish brute, and will sneak away if he can without facing a human being; but there are times, when his monkey is up, when he is a very awkward customer to meet with; and, for all the wise Johnson may allege—and I think he never reckoned bear-hunting among his numerous amusements—I should certainly prefer to meet the biggest "fool" that ever breathed "in his folly," to "a bear robbed of her whelps," if I were equipped like one of these Norwegian hunters, and were quite alone.

But it is not only the men who are the bear heroes! What say you, reader, to a boy bear-hunter, a woman Bruin-slaughterer? The tale I am going to tell you happened in Namddalen, on the western coast of Norway.

* George V., ex-King of Hanover, was born in Berlin, May 27, 1819. He is a son of King Ernest Augustus and of a sister of Queen Louisa of Prussia, and married, in 1843, the Princess Mary of Saxe-Altenburg. Although an early weakness of the eyes ended in total blindness, he succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, November 18, 1851, and soon created dissatisfaction by his affiliations with eccentric and unpopular courtiers, and by his ultra-conservative principles. Although he was a Protestant and a grand-master of Freemasons, his Roman Catholic minister, Windthorst, persuaded him to favor Ultramontane, while he engaged a tutor of the same faith for his elder son, and the ex-queen was reported, in 1871, to have joined the Church of Rome. His unstable policy resulted in a perpetual change of ministers, and in 1865 he restored a reactionary cabinet under Bismarck. Despite his relationship with the Prussian dynasty, and the remonstrances of his most influential favorite, the Secretary-General Zimmermann, he showed a deep aversion for Prussia; and, as he ostentatiously sided with Austria at the outbreak of the war of 1866, his territory was invaded by the Prussians in June, and annexed by King William September 20th.

In this case it was an old woman who was the heroine, a common beggar-woman. (By-the-way, I wonder why the "unprotected female," in her amusing though not very trustworthy book on Norway, did not go a bear-hunting. I believe she did wear scarlet pantaloons to frighten the wolves.) It was a Sunday afternoon, of all days in the week. Well, as I said, it was a Sunday afternoon, and she and her old man were returning to their cottage after having listened to a doubtless excellent sermon from their worthy pastor. They were rowing in their boat across an inland lake, on the opposite shores of which their hovel stood, and, as the wind blew high and strong, like skillful navigators they hugged the land as close as they could. It was getting dusk, and as they rowed along (for the old woman was, perhaps, a better oar than her husband), discussing the topics of the day, and wondering, I dare say, how they should get through the winter (for as I said, they were very poor), they all at once espied a monstrous she-bear, quietly sitting on the shore within a few hundred yards of their boat, earnestly gazing at these intruders upon her ursine peace.

Now, I think most old men and old women would have preferred giving Madame Bear a wide berth, and have made the best of their way home, especially if they had no other weapons of attack than one or two oars and a boat-hook at their disposal. But our couple seemed to view matters in a different light. In fact, they looked upon the presence of the bear as a godsend. Could they succeed in killing her, there would be an ample supply of meat to last them through the winter. Then the skin would fetch them at least four and a half dollars, and the government premium another five dollars, in all nearly ten dollars, or about two pounds and a little over—quite a fortune in itself to poor folk like these. So, what with bears' hams and dollars in prospect, to say nothing of an unlimited supply of pomatum, they made up their minds to attack, their only fear being lest the bear should decline the combat and "skedaddle;" and never giving it a thought that the tables might be turned on them. Still, they felt that they had a good base for retreat, if needs be, as, if the worst came to the worst, they could lead the bear a merry dance across the lake. So they made a little *détour*, and, pushing the boat ashore, the old man made haste to cut a good thick stick out of the wood. Having procured this, they returned to the spot, where they still found the bear star-gazing. Whether it was that Bruin was in an ill-humor, or whether she thought a bit of fresh meat would be acceptable to her, no sooner did she see them approaching than she swam out to meet them. As the old woman was the stronger of the two, she intrusted her old man with the oars, while she stood up erect, with upraised club, in the prow of the boat. It was a critical moment, for if she missed her aim, and her husband were not quick enough, doubtless the bear would board them, and make it exceedingly unpleasant for the company. Nearer and nearer she came, so the old fellow cunningly eased all, and held his oars in such a position that if need be he could make a start, just as we used to in the college boat-races, when we were waiting for the flash of the last gun. But the bear was resolute, and so was the woman, for, when it just came within the reach of the sweep of her club, down she brought it, with the most admirable precision, right full on Bruin's devoted skull. The force of the blow sent the bear under the water, and the old lady on her beam ends, but, quick as thought, recovering herself, she picked herself up again, and was ready for round number two.

"That was a good 'un," mumbled her husband, in approval, "give him another, my

lass!" and down came the club again exactly on the same spot as before, and sent the bear under the water once more.

Judging from our own experiences in the water, nothing, I think, is more likely to make a person lose his temper than to be suddenly forced down under the surface, especially when a good sharp blow on the head accompanies the submersion. It made Bruin furious, and rather dizzy at the same time; for, on coming up the second time, he was by no means "smiling," but struck out "right and left" in the wildest manner conceivable. Again and again the old woman visited the same spot on the bear's very sore head, till, at length, it could no more come up to time, and would very likely have sunk to the bottom, had not the old man very dexterously inserted his boat-hook into its thick hide, and prevented it from doing so. In this position they held it for some few minutes, taking good care to keep Bruin's head under water till the last spark of life should be extinct, and then, when they felt quite sure that it must be dead, gently towed it ashore. But, to make assurance doubly sure, they at once proceeded to divest the brute of its hide, and, covering up the carcass with boughs and heavy stones, left it till the morrow, and went on their way rejoicing at all the good things which Providence had thrown in their way, and determining for the future to be very regular in their attendance at the parish church.—*B. B., in Land and Water.*

THE NEW JAPAN.

Amusing Report of an Old Marriage Custom at Nagasaki.—Among the reports of social occurrences, the writers in these newspapers sometimes displayed a quiet vein of humor, equal to any thing written by our own facetious reporters, as will be seen in the following extract from the *Nichi nichi Shimboon*: "An old custom in Nagasaki, called *ketsuki*—not much practised now—has often terminated in a most unexpected manner. When a young man wished to marry a girl, he called his most intimate friends together, and requested them to do the *ketsuki*. The young men had to waylay the unsuspecting maiden in some lonely place, and carry her by force to her lover's house. She was then compelled to shave her eyebrows and blacken her teeth. Husbands do declare that compulsion was unnecessary. Very probably, the young lady had an inkling of the trick about to be played. When parents heard of the fate of their daughters, they gave way to violent fits of grief, and were only soothed by the solicitations of compassionate friends. This custom is seldom practised now, except by some of the lower classes. An exception has lately occurred. A merchant made known his wishes to his friends. The lady was caught at dusk and hurried to his house, her teeth blackened and eyebrows shaved. But Mr. M.—eventually found that he had married his sweetheart's eldest sister, the greatest scold in the good city of Nagasaki. We have not heard if her parents gave way to uncontrolled lamentations, but we opine not." This hideous custom among Japanese women of blackening their teeth, and shaving their eyebrows on being married, or reaching a marriageable age, is likely to die out, or become abolished; for the empress has set the example of innovating upon the old fashion, dictated by Japanese jealousy, and henceforth her teeth and eyebrows will be allowed to remain as Nature formed them. It is to be hoped that the Japanese women will in this instance admit that the court is the proper fountain from which fashions ought to spring.

Reception of the American and Russian Ministers' Wives by the Empress.—Her majesty

has likewise taken a step in the right direction, as done by her husband, of granting an audience to foreign ladies. The first who were honored by a royal reception were Mrs. De Long, wife of the American minister, and Madame Butzow, wife of the Russian minister. They were both accompanied by their husbands, and the Mikado sat beside his consort on the occasion. The following graphic account of the reception was written by Mrs. De Long to a friend in the United States: "We were received by high Japanese officials, after which we were conducted through corridors innumerable—heavily carpeted so as to exclude sound—by a body-guard, to a room at the extremity of the palace, where we were welcomed by Soyeshima, Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Minister of the Household, and the grand-chamberlain. Shortly, two ladies-of-honor, dressed beautifully, entered, and, after being presented, informed us that the mikado and empress were in readiness to receive us. The ladies of honor preceded us to the throne-room, we being escorted by the court interpreter, followed by the officers of the royal household. We found the emperor and empress standing to receive us, which honor we were hardly prepared for, and which might have overwhelmed us, if we had not remembered that we were Americans—representatives of a nation second to none. After being—through the interpreter—presented, the royal couple shook hands with us most graciously, when they seated themselves, and signified to us that we should follow suit, side-screens having been pushed lightly on one side, and arm-chairs, of crimson and blue brocade, wheeled into the apartment and placed at our disposal. The emperor was attired in a rich purple silk, with overdress of white, and large, flowing sleeves. His consort was attired in a dress of heavy brown silk, with overdress of crimson wrought with gold. On a line with our party were seven maid-of-honor, all attired in crimson silk, though not so elegant and elaborate as that of the empress. The latter had her hair dressed very tastefully—puffed at the side, drawn back from the forehead, and low, while stiff at the ends, and fastened with ribbons. The sleeves of the over-dress were wide and full, and reached nearly to the floor. Her face was white with powder; her lips vermilion with paint; eyebrows not to be seen, having been shaved off, while the teeth were blackened to the utmost.* The room was handsomely covered with rich carpet of foreign manufacture, but had little in the way of furniture. The emperor thanked Mr. De Long for his kindness to the Japanese embassy while with them abroad, and furthermore expressed himself as greatly indebted to the American people, generally, for their uniform kindness and courtesy to the embassy while in America. The empress kindly inquired after the welfare of my family, and hoped, upon a future occasion, I would bring my little daughter with me. I made some remarks concerning the importance of the event, making it a day and occasion long to be remembered, and which, in America, our ladies would hail with joy; and hoped they never would have cause to regret the kindly feeling which prompted them toward a social interchange of interest between this and foreign nations. The ceremony was remarkable for its extreme informality, and lasted about thirty minutes, when Soyeshima gave the signal for departure, which we were not loath to act upon. As we rose, the emperor and empress again cordially shook us by the hands, and we retreated in court style; two pretty little Japanese girls carrying our trains after the most approved manner, though this was their first experience in such matters. Our

* This was before her majesty had discarded the old fashions.

own servants not being admitted, the foreign minister was notified when we arrived that we should need such assistance, and he attended to the matter admirably."—*Mossman's "New Japan, the Land of the Rising Sun."*

GRANDDAD IN THE INGLE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

I.

All on a windy night of yule,
When snow was falling white,
We sat all warm in the marsh farm
Around the yule-logs bright.

The clock ticked low, and the wind did blow,
And the snow was heaped and blown;
And we laughed and talked, but granddad sat
As still as any stone.

As still he sat as a cold, gray stone
Upon the lone sea-sands,
His thin, gray hair as white as foam,
Like drifting weeds his hands.

His eyes were dead, and dull, and cold,
As the jelly-fish on the rock,
His ears were closed, and his heart kept time
To the ticking of the clock.

His cheeks were pale, his lips were dumb,
He sat in the ingle-glow,
Still as a stone on the lone sea-sand,
Though the tide doth come and go;

Though the sun may come on its moist, cold
side,
And make a glistening gleam;
Though the storm may dash, and the lightning
flash,
And the startled sea-bird scream.

Too late! too late! he is old, so old,
He hears no human call;
He cannot smile, he cannot weep,
His blood flows on as dark as sleep—
He 'sесс, and that is all.

II.

"Granddad, granddad, look up and speak
To thy grandchild Marjorie!"
He does not stir, but sits and smiles,
Like one who doth not see.

He sits and faintly feels the fire,
And fondles his thin knees;
Flash the light, and rattle the log—
He neither hears nor sees.

"Granddad! here is thy daughter Joan,
Come o'er with Cousin Jane!"
"Ay, ay," he cries, with a feeble flush,
Then his soul shuts again.

"Ay, ay"—the words have a strange sea-
sound
As they leave his feeble lips,
Of the blowing wind and the tossing sea,
And the men who sail in ships.

All year long he sat by the fire,
And we had heard strange tales
Of his life of old, when he tossed and rolled
Amid the lonesome gales.

And often when his chair was wheeled
Without into the sun,
And he sat in the porch, we whispered low
Of the deeds that he had done.

For round his life a mystery hung,
No soul could wholly clear,
And we children had heard that he had been
A bloody buccaneer;

That the stain of blood was on his hands,
That his soul was black and deep,
That he had seen such sights as made
His spirit shriek in sleep;

That the red, round gold his hands had gained
Was dyed with blood of men;
And, as we spoke, our voices sank,
And we looked at him again.

Sometimes his face would flash to fire,
And his hands would clutch his chair,
And some bloody scene within his soul
Would shake him unaware.

Sometimes his cold lips would unclose,
And talk in a strange tongue,
And his voice would quicken, his thin arms
move,
And all his ways grow young.

Sometimes his voice was fierce and loud,
As if he trod the deck;
Sometimes he seemed to toil like men
Who swim from ships a-wreck.

But ever the life he lived went on
Within his soul alone;
To all the wash of the waves of life
He kept as cold as stone.

Yet oft his face would lie in peace,
As if he knew no sin,
With a light that came not from without,
But issued from within;

A light like glistening light that sleeps
On the wet rock by the sea,
As if his thoughts were all at rest,
And some blue heaven within his breast
Was opening tranquilly.

III.

Suddenly on that night of yule,
While we sat whispering there,
The old worn shape waved up his arms,
And sprang from out his chair.

"See, see!" he cried, and his hair was blown
Around his brow and eyes;
He pointed with his skinny hand,
And uttered eager cries.

"Now, granddad, granddad, sit thee down,
There is no creature nigh!"
He answered not, but stood erect,
With wildly-glistening eye.

"Hush! man the boats!" and in our sight
Firm up and down he trod.
"Form line! who stirs a footstep dies!
She's sinking—pray to God!"

"Nail down the hatches! If the slaves
Climb up, we all must drown.
If one among them stirs a foot,
Shoot, how, and hack him down!"

"Away—she sinks!" and both his ears
He stopped as he did speak.
"Saved, saved!" he moaned, then trembling
stood
With tears upon his cheek.

"God pardon me, and cleanse my soul!"
He murmured with thin moan,
Then raised his hands into the air,
And dropped as dead as stone!

—*Cassell's Magazine.*

SCHILLER AT HOME.

WHEN we read a poet, and are carried away by the irresistible charm of his numbers and the power of his genius, we form for ourselves an ideal, which we find it hard to conceive as being a man like others. We see him through his works, and would willingly endow him with wings.

Idealist, *par excellence*, Schiller is well adapted to give his readers such a *mirage*. No one has ever thought more nobly than he, and no one has ever expressed his thoughts with more euphony and elevation. If we read "Don Carlos," "Wallenstein," "Marie Stuart," "Joan of Arc," or "William Tell," we are equally enchanted, and equally vividly

our ideal demi-god appears to our imagination. But what was our ideal in fact? what were his daily habits? what his surroundings?

His home was more than modest. The walls of the principal room were covered with a common paper, while on them hung two or three ordinary prints, in very plain frames. Before one of the windows, which looked out on the fields beyond, stood his writing-bureau; on the opposite side stood an old piano, which, together with a much-worn sofa, a deal table, and a few common chairs, constituted its entire furniture.

Such was the room in which Schiller began, August 25, 1803, his *chef-d'œuvre*, "William Tell." How many happy hours he lived in writing this drama! No sooner would he finish a scene than he would call around him his little family. His two little sons, Carl, proud of his ten years; and Ernest, who was not yet seven; then their mother, Charlotte, or Lolo, as Schiller was wont to call her, with their little daughter Caroline, Goethe's god-daughter, beside her. To this little audience he would read, scene by scene, as he wrote them, his immortal work.

In this picture the power of genius, and the affectionate simplicity of its possessor, glorify the humble surroundings. And who thinks of them when the master speaks! But wait a little, and we shall see the poet—the being our imagination has pictured as something almost supernatural—descend from his pedestal. Having read the new scene, he lays aside his manuscript, and takes up his diary.

Schiller's diary is something that shows us the genius in his character of man, that transforms the demi-god into an accountant. From 1795 to 1805—that is, during the last ten years of his life—Schiller kept a strict account of his receipts and disbursements. In the same book he noted the principal events of his life; for example, when he began and when he finished one of his tragedies. Thus we see, under date November 4, 1797, "Began to write 'Wallenstein,' in verse;" and, under date March 17, 1799, "Finished 'Wallenstein,' ready for representation."

Farther on we find a note concerning his health. July 23, 1802, he says: "I began to-day to drink ass's milk."

On another page we find, "A copy of 'Wallenstein,' on vellum, for Goethe."

His memoranda furnish us with exact information with regard to his finances. At the end of 1804 we find the following statement:

For the house	480	thalers.
Sugar, coffee, tea	60	"
Wine	160	"
Wood	110	"
Candles	30	"
Wages and presents	100	"
Mamma	76	"
Educating children	36	"
Clothing	175	"
For myself, extra	70	"
Total	1,927	thalers.

I have received :

Fixed salary	570	thalers.
One piece yearly	650	"
Interest on 2,000 thalers	80	"

Total 1,300 thalers.

These thirteen hundred thalers represent in our money (gold) about nine hundred and ten dollars.

The poet, we see, did not disdain to occupy himself with the smallest details of everyday life. He was eminently a man of order and an economic *père de famille*. In the calm and pure enjoyments of the family circle his genius found greater and more healthful inspiration than he would have found in the Bohemian life of many of the most gifted writers of to-day.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IT is offered as an excuse for the recent very extraordinary proceedings against liquor-sellers, that women are peculiarly suffers from intemperance among men. The drinking-shop, it is alleged, seduces husbands and sons from their homes, tempts them to the spending of wages needed in their households, and is the fruitful cause of vast domestic misery, which falls heavily upon the women of the family.

No doubt, this is true. But we accuse women of being specially responsible for this condition of things. We charge that men, especially young men, are seduced to the drinking-shop because it possesses superior attractions to their homes. We indict women, both as mothers and as wives, for such neglect of their duties that their husbands and sons have been driven abroad, in the pursuit of those pleasures and felicities that women are under moral obligation to provide in the household.

There are some men so depraved by nature that no influence is powerful enough to keep them from evil. These exceptional cases we exclude from present consideration. They are morally diseased, and the physician alone can adequately deal with them.

But the average man is entirely susceptible to influences. His conduct is certain to prove a definite result of training and education. It is a matter of pure dynamics. If the good influences that surround him are greater than the evil ones, he will yield to the former; if the evil influences are greater than the good ones, he will surrender to the latter. Of course, this is just as true of women as it is of men. But the question now before us is this: How far are women responsible for the dissipated courses of men? How is it that the society of the dram-shop is greater social power than that of the hearthstone?

When we hear a woman complain that her sons have drifted away from the dominion of her influence; that, while educated at her side, they have come to prefer the companionship of the vicious to that of hers—then we know that this mother has been unequal to the duty imposed upon her. Where there are no distinctly inherited depravities, there has been some fatal neglect in the home training that has permitted this deplorable result to come about.

When we hear of the husband who ceaselessly seeks for his felicities abroad, who prefers the public-house, the club, or boor companions, to the society of his family, then we are assured that in some way the home, which ought to be first in his affections, has failed to assert that dominion over his heart which, if rightly conducted, it would have been sure to do.

The average American interior is oppressively dreary. Men eat and sleep in their

houses because it is more convenient to sleep and eat there than elsewhere; but, beyond this, the ordinary "roof-tree" is utterly without attractions. It is without attractions, not so much from neglect as from a perverse determination that its whole economy shall be of the most pinched, stinted, narrow, and cheerless character, such as only dull imagination, false economy, cold sympathies, and selfish tastes, can make it.

Go into our towns and villages, and see the so-called homes. Watch and discover the theory under which so many of them are conducted. A window is never opened; a door never stands ajar. During the day the glorious sun is never permitted to enter their darkened chambers; at night a feeble light through a window shows how the family dully burrow in a corner. Enter, and you will discover that the house is inhospitable to the stranger, and gives no indication that it is meant to be enjoyed by its inmates. The parlors are chill with an atmosphere that rarely knows a human presence. The passages echo the sound of your footfall as if startled by the unusual intrusion. The women are gathered in the kitchen, where the stove-heated air and the odors of the cuisine are sickening and unwholesome; and the men are anywhere out of the house—anywhere to escape the appalling deadness that settles upon the place.

In these homes, the women would rather their sons should idle the day at the post-office, the village-store, or the ale-house, than let the sunbeams enter their parlors and fade the carpets! They would rather their sons and husbands should at night enjoy the good cheer of the public-house, than light an extra candle, build a glowing fire, or permit social hilarity within the awful shadows of their shut-up apartments. In these homes the whole art is to discover the art of *not* to live. To keep all things neat, and orderly, and circumspect; to present no flaw for the edification of Mrs. Grundy; to suppress all impulses, all tastes, all pleasures, all heartiness, all life—these things seem to be the great purpose of the ascetic women who control them. It is no wonder that men escape from them, and prefer even the coarse amusements of the public-house—for *to live* is the necessity of the masculine nature, and any form of life is better than apathy and chill.

The slovenly home is no less potent in driving men into evil than the apathetic home—an experience common among the lower classes, where the squalor and disorder of the small apartments render home about the last place in the world the man can tolerate.

Women who have sons to rear, and dread the demoralizing influences of bad associates, ought to understand the nature of young manhood. It is excessively restless. It is disturbed by vague ambitions, by thirst for action, by longings for excitement, by irre-

pressible desires to touch life in manifold ways. If you, mothers, rear your sons so that their homes are associated with the repression of these natural instincts, you will be sure to throw them into the society that in any measure can supply the need of their hearts. They will not go to public-houses, at first, for love of liquor—very few people ever really like the taste of liquor—they will go for the animated and hilarious companionship they find there, which, they discover, does so much to repress the disturbing restlessness in their breasts. See to it, then, that their homes compete with public places in attractiveness. Open your blinds by day, and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon the walls. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish those demons of dullness and apathy that have so long ruled in your household, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass happy boyhoods, and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions, depends upon you. Do not blame miserable bar-keepers if your sons miscarry. Believe it possible that, with exertion and right means, a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatsoever.

The influence of the wife is always abridged by the facts of the early training of her husband. He comes to her a man with his habits formed. A woman should be sure not to marry a man with depraved tastes; and, with good inclinations and correct habits at the beginning of married life, a wife must have a very weak hold upon her husband if she suffer him to slip away into dissipation. In these cases, we can but suspect either cooled affection, bad temper, dreary companionship, or something in the administration of the domestic life whereby the man ceases to find pleasure in his home.

It will be asked if men, too, are not responsible for the felicities of home. Assuredly. They must bring to it generous spirit, affectionate regard, kindly temper, sympathetic appreciation. But, in a large majority of instances, the torpor of the wife; her pinched economies; her fondness for negative life, rest, and quiet; her distaste for all topics outside of domestic ones; her inability to feel interest in the doings of the world; her general lack of intellectual activity—she may be as intellectual, strictly speaking, as her husband, but she will be interested in a much narrower range of subjects—it is these things that give to the average family circle its deadness and dullness. Women are content with a calm, colorless life, while men want stimulating society, and, unless women can comprehend this mesca-

line need, they will fail to exercise that influence which, rightfully understood, might be made supreme.

So we say to these crusading women: Return to your homes! Scorn the thought that you cannot make your households more delightful than bar-rooms. Banish your narrow asceticism. Make your religion a source of cheerfulness, and not of gloom. Convert your houses into temples of innocent pleasure. Be bright and stimulating companions to your husbands and sons. Understand at once that badly-kept homes have driven more men into irregularities than any thing else—and upon you mainly rests the responsibility for the evils thus arising.

We are not asserting that intemperance would end with the change in the policy of women that we have proposed. Intemperance often comes of causes too subtle for human analysis. But it is asserted that intemperance is promoted by dram-shops; and it is this influence, this cause of intemperance, that women are entirely competent to remove, by seeing that the hearthstone shall be more seductive than the ale-house.

The anxiety to return to specie payments, which we find so general, can have but one really good reason for its existence, and this is a question of honor. Our legal-tenders are promised to pay that remain unfulfilled, and of course the nation is bound to redeem its pledges with all expedition. But the inconvertibility of the paper is a matter of no commercial inconvenience whatever. In fact, we have never had a currency that performed its function with so little friction, with so much entire satisfaction to the community. It is altogether superior to our former State currency, because that was never current beyond its own section. Now a bill issued by a bank in Texas is just as available in Maine as one uttered by a bank in Portland. Nor could a return to specie payments sensibly reduce prices, as is so generally stated. Prices have increased greatly during our paper-money period, it is true, but so they have in all the gold-circulating countries. A small premium in gold increases prices of all imported articles, but, if the premium is moderate and uniform, no special disadvantage arises therefrom. Of course, fluctuations in gold, or apprehensions of fluctuations, seriously embarrass commercial enterprises. For a long time our gold has hovered in the vicinity of 112, with no more variation than there is variation in interest rates in England; and if Congress were not dabbling in finance, with the certainty almost of doing some measure of mischief, our merchants would look upon the present premium with no concern. The legal-tenders are wrong in principle, because they are arbitrary government issues, but, inasmuch as their volume is far beneath that required by our trade, they for this reason are doing no injury, and can do no injury, so long as they are not capriciously varied at the will of the government. It is quite certain our people are not prepared for such a revolutionary measure as

that proposed by a contributor in our last issue—that is, for an inconvertible currency; but his theory of a free currency, free as to volume, we believe the people can be brought to see the advantages of, and we hope Congress may come to see it too.

— A writer in *Scribner's Monthly* on "The Higher Education of Women," very wisely says that "a system of higher education for young women should, first of all, and I had almost said above all, guard her health, invigorate her constitution, develop her form, animate and irradiate her features, give color to her cheek, light to her eye, music to her voice, elasticity to her step, grace to her motions, the native hue of health, life, and joy, to her whole person. To this end, her education should be, not exactly gymnastic, although a well-applied and wisely-conducted gymnasium is quite essential, but it should be largely calisthenic in the widest and best sense of that expressive word, so that the result shall be strength clothed with beauty, and beauty informed and enforced by strength." We shall never have the right sort of education for women—nor for men either—until we place character and general harmony of mental and physical strength above mere number of accomplishments or mass of accumulated facts. It is especially important of women, in view of their destiny as mothers, that solidity of judgment, depth and breadth of feeling, largeness of nature, should be cultivated—and to these ends a few books more or less are of no importance. It was characteristic of some of the women of the old times that with little learning they yet possessed great force of character; and it is just this quality we need in the mothers of men. The notion that women may be made strong and wise, and a power in the land, by cramming them with erudition, is a current absurdity not a whit more rational than African fetishism.

— Mr. Carlyle's characteristic assault upon adulteration and shoddyism assumes, as it is usually assumed, that degeneration in the quality of manufacture is evidence of a degeneration in honesty. Now, we think it can be shown that cheapening processes, whether adulteration in food or flimsiness in manufacture, are direct results of popular demand. Just so long as purchasers ask for cheap things rather than pure and serviceable things, we shall find men ingenuously endeavoring to meet this popular proclivity. The grocer who, offering pure bohea at a dollar and a quarter a pound, sees his customers abandon him *en masse* to obtain an inferior article of another dealer at a dollar a pound, will soon, either in disgust or in self-defense, adulterate his own stock down to the level of the public wishes. With a great majority of people cheapness is seductive beyond every thing else. It is the pressure of this class for lower price that leads to so much inferior production. Whether there shall be adulteration and shoddyism or not remains solely with the consumers to determine. Producers are certain, and indeed are compelled, to cater for the public taste. Buyers have only to insist upon having first-rate articles, have only to resist the temptation to buy inferior things

because they are cheaper, to reform the evils they complain of altogether. Complaints are idle. The public are supremely masters of the situation, and may enforce their wishes to the utmost.

— While Philadelphia gives us the national celebration of our coming great centennial, there is no reason why each city should not commemorate the completion of our first hundred years of national life by appropriate local events. Not by processions, by speech-making, by drum and trumpet, by banners and illuminations—these pertain to our annual celebrations; but by some significant and special event, something that will be durable in its influence upon the citizens. One city might erect a statue, another a monument or centennial column, another lay the cornerstone of a museum, an art-building, or a school-house, which should stand as a record of its advance in the arts or in education. Each place ought to do something that would stand as a distinct notch, so to speak, in its career, which will prove the beginning of some liberal advance in its culture, which will serve as a line of demarcation between the hundred years gone and the centuries to come. We could wish that New York would carry out our often-repeated suggestion, and on that day lay the corner-stone of a great aquarium. It would be quite appropriate to the occasion to show our progress in intellectual tastes and scientific culture by founding an institution of this instructive character. But let each place do something, if nothing more than the beginning of a new school-house, or the erection of an inexpensive column.

— A contemporary writes as follows: "Congress has been flooded with a multitude of bills and suggestions in respect to the question of currency reform; and if, amid them all, it cannot digest a comprehensive system that shall meet the main requirements of the problem to be solved, then its incompetency to grapple with financial matters and legislate wisely in regard to them will be a demonstrated fact. Its failure in this respect will be a disgrace to itself and a serious loss to the nation." If Congress does succeed in digesting a comprehensive system such as above set forth, or in legislating wisely in regard to financial matters, it will do that which no legislative body has ever hitherto succeeded in doing. Government has occasionally arrested financial mischief arising from its previous interference, but it never interferes in finance primarily without doing harm. Just now Congress is under the necessity of acting; if it provide for the eventual redemption of the legal-tenders, and then gives us a free banking system, it will do all that it ought to do. But who dare hope that it will follow so simple a plan as this?

— It will interest the readers of Mr. Webster's paper in our last number, on the fate of the boy Gott, to learn that this lad has been removed by order of Governor Dix from Sing Sing to the House of Refuge, where he is placed on his good behavior. With exemplary conduct, the boy will now be able in due time to obtain a full pardon.

Literary.

NOTES.

OF the thirty-five hundred new books published in England last year, there were two-thirds as many works on science and art as works of fiction. When it is considered how much more restricted in number the readers of science are than those of novels, it is a good sign that works of the former class should make so good a show. The influence of Tennyson, Huxley, and Proctor, is clearly betrayed in the very prevalent effort to popularize the sciences, not by skipping their difficulties, but by letting a little of the light of common-sense and a familiar vernacular into them. The great hindrance to the teaching of common minds by great scholars has always been the inability of the latter to comprehend the ignorance of their audience; so that they have started from too advanced a point, and thus produced a confusion in the beginning which muddled the lesson throughout. Compare the school-books of thirty years ago and those in use to-day, and the progress in the art of putting knowledge is at once apparent. These new English scientific publications are, in large part, written to enlighten people who have not pursued, or cannot pursue, a long course of scientific study. A little learning may be a dangerous thing, but it is surely far better than stolid ignorance; and the general mass can only acquire a more or less superficial knowledge of scientific topics. A mechanic is always a more skillful workman when he can understand the scientific reason why the machine he is making is effective for its intended purpose. Thus it is that works of "popular science," instead of diverting those who would otherwise delve deep into the subjects treated, afford a little light, at least, to those who otherwise would not read upon those subjects at all.

Another gratifying feature of the year's issues is the production and wide-spread circulation of cheap editions of the English classics. It is not very long since these were quite out of the reach of the poorer class of English readers; and even now, new books, whether of science, fiction, or history, are published at rates above the pockets of all but the well-to-do ranks of society. A novel of Wilkie Collins or Rhoda Broughton, which American publishers bring out in a seventy-five-cents paper edition, is published in London in three cloth volumes at a retail cost of a guinea and a half. This compels readers of moderate means to have recourse to Mudie and other circulating libraries for fresh entertainment.

But it has become a matter of very laudable competition with the London publishers to issue, at the lowest profitable prices, the works of the greatest poets and novelists. A very tolerably printed complete edition of Shakespeare is to be had for a shilling; a sixpence will purchase all the works of either Milton, Wordsworth, Byron, or Cowper; while the Waverley novels may become the property of any one who is willing to pay threepence apiece for them. Such authors as Addison, Fielding, Smollett, Gibbon, Hume, and Hallam, are to be had at similar small cost; and it will not be long before Dickens, Macaulay, Thackeray, and Bulwer, will be quite as easily within reach of their humble lovers. Thus a new realm of delight has been opened to many to whom the names of England's famous writers have hitherto been but shadows of names; and a new sort of literary education has been added to the system of universal and free instruction, which has just been established by the law.

The *Saturday Review* gives us an essay in defense of desultory reading, and especially of the familiar literature of the day. "In ordinary people," it says, "the most ephemeral reading does a good deal for which the study of the greatest men of old times is not available. One of the main purposes of judicious reading is to rise above the ugliness and commonplace of daily life into a region of purer thought and loftier imagination. But, unfortunately, commonplace readers find a great difficulty in bringing the two spheres into contact. . . . The most trifling of modern novelists has an advantage for ordinary minds which it would be foolish to leave out of account. Mr. Trollope is a very excellent writer, but we do not fear that he will be offended if we say that, in our opinion, he is not the equal of Shakespeare or Cervantes. We should not, however, draw the inference that it would be good for an ordinary young lady of the nineteenth century to preserve a complete ignorance of Barsetshire, and devote all her spare time to the study of 'Hamlet' and 'Don Quixote.' On the contrary, we should say that she would probably learn very much from Mr. Trollope which she could not possibly learn from the most attentive study of the older works of art, however great their intrinsic superiority. As one of Mr. Tennyson's characters observes, a truth looks freshest in the fashion of the day; and, indeed, it often flies over people's heads altogether when expressed in any other fashion. The heroine of 'Orley Farm' may be very inferior to *Juliet* or *Rosalind*, and the country clergy of Barsetshire may be unworthy of mention by the side of the immortal madman of Cervantes. But they have the advantage of speaking a perfectly intelligible dialect. Even the most powerful and the most musical voice becomes rather dim and loses something of its harmony when it sounds across two or three centuries. The ideal which is set before us in a modern chignon or black hat is more easily appreciated than one which, however exquisite, is draped in unfamiliar costume. In fact, it requires a careful culture of the imagination before the mind can get over the shock of an external change which seems trifling enough to the philosophical observer." There is a good deal of truth in these assertions—truth which the high-tuned critics have been too apt to forget.

In a review of Professor Hadley's "Essays, Philological and Critical," the *Athenaeum* says: "We venture to say that all scholars who read these Essays will share our feeling of regret for the untimely death of their author. Many Englishmen may make their first acquaintance with him through this volume. Indeed, the good work done in America is far too little known among us; the best American scholars show a truly German industry and width, both of reading and speculation, while their practical sense keeps their writings within a reasonable compass. In receptivity and enthusiasm for a wider learning American scholars stand before English: and few members of our universities could have produced work so varied and yet so sound as is contained in these Essays. They are marked by a genuine erudition, and a thorough knowledge of all that has been written on their several subjects, to which not one in ten of our lecturers could make any claim; but still more striking is the good judgment which they show, and their conspicuous fairness. Rarely have we read a book which gives us so high a conception of the writer's whole nature; the verdicts are clear and well balanced: and there is not a line of unfair, or even unkindly, criticism."

Mr. Trollope classifies the reviews which appear in current periodicals: "There is the review intended to sell a book, which comes out immediately after the appearance of the book, or sometimes before it; the review which gives reputation, but does not affect the sale, and which comes a little later; the review which snuffs a book out quietly; the review which is to raise or lower the author a single peg, or two pegs, as the case may be; the review which is suddenly to make an author; and the review which is to crush him." He adds that, "of all reviews, the crushing review is most popular;" and thinks that "whenever the circulation of a paper begins to slacken, the proprietors should, as a matter of course, admonish their Alf to add a little power to the crushing department."

A contemporary is reprinting "Rasselas" as a serial. At first thought this may seem absurd; but, after all, what work could a publisher reprint so likely in these days to be entirely novel—new as well as novel—to his readers?

Art.

MR. EASTMAN JOHNSON is better known by his paintings than by any thing in black and white; in fact, till the present time, we never saw any work of his in monochrome on public exhibition. Everybody familiar with his painting of the "Wounded Drummer-Boy," will remember the spirit and grace of the picture. Unlike Mr. Johnson's quiet *genre* pictures, this was one of the most animated war-scenes that any of our artists had delineated, and the early impression made by the painting itself was not weakened when we saw a crayon-study for the picture, which is now on exhibition at Schaus's.

Besides this crayon, which, if we remember rightly, is of the size of the original picture, Schaus has two charming little crayon studies by the same artist; one called, "Now I lay me down to sleep," with the figure of a little child in its night-dress at its prayers by a little coarse bed. We all should know that it is form which gives charm of expression; the tender features and limbs that have endeared Mr. Johnson's works to so many persons, are just as expressive in the crayon as in mellow tints of color, and the small, plump feet of the young child in this little drawing are very effective and beautiful.

A third drawing by Mr. Johnson, which is also of cabinet size, represents the interior of a country-kitchen, which vividly recalls the early days of cooking-stoves in New England. A young woman is holding her child on her lap, and warming it and herself before the little open doors of the stove, on the top of which a tea-kettle is boiling. A high mantel-shelf and stiff chairs are the main features of the room, and really give the chief value to the little sketch, which has the woman and child for a "motive."

These purely American pictures are of great value, for they are as much *swi generis* as Dutch interiors or Venetian canals, and, as we have had occasion to remark before, they embody a phase of life which is rapidly departing. All of Mr. Johnson's pictures have a quiet basis of technical excellence, and such artists as he are the most suitable persons to render the picturesque side of any kind of life; it is from such easels as his that the pure and somewhat austere character of some kinds of American life will hereafter derive their title to picturesque consideration.

The woman, in the last-named study, is somewhat petty in treatment, but her face and form are of the pure, sweet type scarcely known out of life, except in Judd's "Margaret" and Mrs. Stowe's novels. We do not remember to have seen the picture for which, doubtless, this crayon-drawing was the study; but, *per se*, this is one of the most charming bits of simple American life and nature we have seen for a long while.

During the past season Mr. Avery has imparted an entirely new collection of pictures, which includes some of the works of the best French and German painters. Among the most beautiful of these is one by Cabanel, the scene of which is laid in a grotto, and represents two lovers, one returning from the world of spirits to the scenes of their earthly tryst. This painting is very large, and the figures are, at least, three-quarters the size of life. In the foreground is the figure of a young man bare on one shoulder and full of life and motion. Before him, sitting against a dark ground of cold, green foliage, appears the form of his lady-love, clad in a partially transparent drapery from head to foot. The face and hands are wan, but not emaciated; and the artist has caught an expression in the eyes and forehead which is a curious mixture of death and one's idea of spirituality. Rigid and stern, this face of youth has the half-sensational horror which we attribute to ghosts; in fact, it might be considered a Frenchman's idea of a ghost; but, as showing a somewhat more ideal and poetical conception than the majority of the pictures by the French painters of the present day, it has a unique charm. The strong drawing of the French school shows in it, and also the feeling for local light and shade; but the half-weird drapery of the returning spirit has a charm of its own beyond its technical excellence, and the contrast between the dead maiden and her earthly lover has a positive and romantic idea, even if it be not very pleasantly conceived.

Besides these paintings, there are several very interesting bass-reliefs in bronze, and the rooms, as usual, are literally crowded with charming articles of household art and elegant taste, which make a half-hour at Avery's one of the most refreshing, mentally, that can be spent in New-York City.

Her majesty's commissioners for the Kensington Exhibition last year have been guilty, according to the English journals, of conduct that almost outdoes some of the New-York "ring" transactions. It was determined to issue a medal to all who took part in the exhibition last year; and this medal, we are told, is not only vile in execution, but false in material. "In design it is tame, weak, and inharmonious, and on the obverse side absolutely barbarous. In color it looks as if it had been plastered over with some metallic varnish to imitate gold, and in workmanship it is most carelessly finished. But still, as the paper accompanying it informs you that it is composed of a medieval metallic compound, and that the appearance of its having been varnished to imitate gold belies its truthful nature, it might have been accepted for its convenient shape and durability, quite irrespective of its aesthetic demerits. But one recipient, who has dared to look the commissioners' gift in the mouth, and has chemically analyzed it by the simple process of combustion in a domestic fire, has found that, after all, the medieval metal of which it is composed is not at all of a golden color, but is simply pewter varnished over to make the base metal look like gold—the thing it is not. The medal, therefore, is not only bad in design, and bad in workmanship, but is an absolute falsehood foisted on the exhibitors and others as an example of the revival of the arts of the middle ages—and of the

great things which South Kensington can do in art-designing and die-sinking."

"Among the salient manifestations of the period," says the *Saturday Review*, in its notice of the exhibition of the Society of Painters, "is the prismatic play or the sensuous pulsation of color. This phrase, which is peculiarly patent in the gallery of the 'Old Water-Color Society,' may have been brought about through two synchronous causes: the one the ever-present power of Turner, intensified by his rapturous commentator, the author of 'Modern Painters'; the other, scenic expositions of the spectrum made by men of science. We occasionally, in fact, meet with pictures painted as if for the express purpose of propounding philosophical principles. We come, for instance, upon landscapes professedly transcribing a mountain, a valley, or a lake, which might almost serve for diagrams to lectures at the Royal Institution on the analysis of light and color. Among the best-balanced demonstrations of such chromatic relations are 'A Mountain Joyous with Leaves and Streams,' and a drawing of 'Durham,' both by Mr. Alfred Hunt. Such compositions are visions; they hold an intermediate position between painting and poetry, between fiction and fact, between art and Nature. Mr. Alfred Goodwin is yet another romancer in colors; 'Notes from a Sketch-Book' strike the eye and move the fancy as reveries from dream-land; they are, in form and in color, as passing and pleasing memories writ in water."

Hogarth's house, his little country-box at Chiswick, which he left on his last journey to Leicester Square, after having for more than a century escaped any considerable injury, has, we learn from the *Athenaeum*, been let on lease to a neighboring publican, who has turned the house into a "sweet-stuff" shop; while the garden, which, until of late, was a wilderness of half-neglected flowers, has been stripped of these ornaments, for the land is to be used by a florist. The burial-places of Hogarth's pets, with their little tablets, are still preserved, and we are glad to learn that the tenant promises to take care of them. The porch has fallen down, thus greatly spoiling the characteristic appearance of the once pretty cottage. A trifling will yet save the place, which might be used as a residence for a decayed artist.

Mr. Ruskin's picture at the London Water-Color Exhibition, which the hangers first hung upside-down, is entitled "The Study of the Color of Marble in the Base of the Church of St. Anastasia. The mistake of the hangers arose from the want of prominent form in the drawing." Mr. Ruskin, in fact," says the *Saturday Review*, "with the utmost subtlety and sensitiveness, educes, out of the polychrome marbles of Verona, a play of color scintillating and evanescent as that of the rainbow. The result is Turneresque. Turner himself, indeed, once suffered the severe satire of having one of his florid but formless compositions turned topsy-turvy."

"A tendency toward the commonplace," according to the *Pal Mall Gazette*, "seems to be the one profound and only irresistible impulse in modern English art. Other ideals are rarely sought and inconstantly pursued, and any wayward inspiration of an elevated kind is fully expiated by a long penance of patient dullness. Critics are apt to think, and painters are eager to believe, that the desire of high poetic beauty in art is worthy of a robust age like ours, wherein pictures, as other achievements, should be made to appeal to instincts more decisively under control of what is called our common-sense."

The exhibition of the Water-Color Society in New York this season is acknowledged to be the best display that has yet been made. The public have evinced an unusual and gratifying interest in this branch of art. A very large number of the pictures have been sold at good prices, and, altogether, the admirers of water-color paintings are greatly encouraged as to the future of the art in America, which hitherto has lagged far behind the place it has attained abroad in popular estimation. This year's success will be certain to bring out a strong collection next year.

Music and the Drama.

THE musical season has thus far been one of quite unusual interest, though some of its vicissitudes have presented whimsical and amusing features. But the risks of management in America have always been "extra-hazardous," to use an insurance phrase. Aside from the capricious nature of the amusement-seeking public, which, like all other manifestations of public taste, is with us prone to exaggeration, the system of management has been largely reckless and irresponsible. *Impresarios* have, in many instances, regarded themselves as superior to the conditions which other business men accept as necessities to be obeyed, and, in the case of the worst, penalties to be suffered. It may be there is something in the atmosphere of high art which disdains the gross and commonplace trammels of life. Be that as it may, it is nevertheless true that there has been a reckless tendency to trust to good luck and a generally favorable combination of events, and to look upon the contingency of failure with a sense of easy, elastic indifference, whether as to the loss of personal reputation, or the loss of the creditors at large. This state of affairs is a natural outgrowth of the condition of affairs, monetary and social, in America, and is to be less attributed to the individual than to the combination of circumstances which permits it.

There is but one radical cure for this managerial evil in music, and that is, the establishment of stock-opera, on such a carefully-adjusted scale of probable receipts and expenditures as the average business-man is obliged to make in the transaction of ordinary affairs. By this, the business-evil, as well as many of the art-evils of the star system, which now shines with such a baleful gleam, may be obviated. Manager Max Strakosch has already declared his determination never to bring such an enormously expensive company to America again. If he would take another step further in the same direction, and avouch his resolution to discard "stars" altogether, the hearts of those who have the interests of the operatic art thoroughly in mind would be much more encouraged. Although the public taste has been vitiated, and it always takes longer to correct an abuse than to create one, it would not be long before a large and substantial following would rally to the support of the reform.

Both the Strakosch and English-opera companies have been artistic successes, and have not lost so much money as to preclude the expectation of finishing the season ultimately with pecuniary success. From this time till the first of May is likely to be much more gratifying in its results, in spite of the occurrence of Lent. During the present performances of Italian opera, we are promised the production of Wagner's great work of "Lohengrin," which has never been yet produced in America on that scale of preparation which the operas of this composer so imperatively demand. The profound, growing interest in the Wagner music is indicated in the fact that there has been so much anticipation of the performance of this opera in a number of widely-distant musical centres. The last letter written by the lamented Parepa-Rosa, before the advent of her fatal illness, related to the production of "Lohengrin" in English, which was designed to be the culminating event of the musical season in London. There has been considerable discussion in Paris as to the performance of the same work on such a scale as that with which Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" was first

brought out. Italy has shared the enthusiasm, and St. Petersburg is looking forward to a similar enjoyment early in the spring.

From the superb manner in which Mr. Strakosch has brought out "Aida," we may expect a setting of Wagner's grand music-drama that will make it a genuine and legitimate musical sensation. In addition to what we have yet to expect in opera, including "Ilma di Muraska," under the Maretzki management, and Lucca in German opera at the Stadt Theatre, the four symphony concerts of the Thomas orchestra, and the Philharmonics, guaranteed the lovers of music a rich banquet of sweet sounds. It is to be regretted that the oratorio societies have been so sluggish and unfruitful during the winter. There has been but one performance worthy of the name—that of the Church Music Association, and this was far below the level of the excellence which was to have been expected. It is a misfortune to the musical world to allow a form of art, in which so much of our best talent can find a noble field, denied to it elsewhere, to die out for lack of encouragement. With energy, there is even yet time to produce one or more works, which shall redeem the neglect, and we sincerely hope that the opportunity will be improved.

We could but feel surprise that Mr. Daly should offer the New-York public Shakespeare's much-neglected comedy of "Love's Labor's Lost," for at no period in modern times has it been a popular acting play. We were still more surprised to find how much better an acting play it is than we and others have supposed. The gossamer lightness of its wit and sentiment seemed too evanescent, too subtle and delicate, for the foot-lights, and hence the measure of success attained by Mr. Daly's company in catching the spirit of the play and reproducing it, gave unexpected pleasure. It is a comedy of holiday humor—of the lightest fancies, the gayest wit, the brightest and most capricious conceits. It pictures a world where there are no sorrows, no serious thoughts, no emotions save those of the lightest and most fantastic character—poet's Eden where there is no pain or suffering, but a perpetual feast of intellectual *bontone*. Let us refresh the reader's memory with an extract or two from this paradise of wits. Hear *Biron*, the sparkling hero of the play, in one of his humors, reasoning against study :

" Why, all delights are vain ; but that most vain
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain :
As, painfully to pore upon a book

To seek the light of truth ; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look :
Light seeking light, doth light of light beguile :
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye ;

Who, dazzling so, that eye shall be his head,

And give him light that it was blinded by."

And, again :

" When love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were tempered with Love's sighs ;
Oh, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eye this doctrine I derive :
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world."

These delicate fancies were very happily delivered by Mr. Geo. Clark, who gave to his personation of *Biron* much of the lightness, grace, ease, and gay brilliancy, that the part

requires. Mr. Fisher, as *Don Adriano de Armando*, he who

" hath a mint of phrases in his brain ;
One, whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony"—

gave us a humorously broad study of the love-stricken Spaniard. The actors generally caught the spirit of the comedy with tolerable success, among the most successful being Mr. Hardenburg as *Boyet*. The young lady who acted *Moda* was very much enamored of her own graceful figure, and, while giving the language with point, had a radically wrong conception of the part. She was pretty and arch, instead of shrewd and roguish. Mr. Daly did his best to give the comedy a good setting.

The concert of the Amateur Philharmonic Society on Saturday evening, the 21st, was another encouraging indication of what pluck and hard work will do for an organization of enthusiastic young musicians. There has been a tendency on the part of some of the musical critics to sneer at the very creditable efforts of this society, and measure them solely by the standard of the older orchestras, which have had the benefit of many years' work and experience. This habit of criticism is to be deprecated, for it proceeds on the method which disregards the environment of an art-fact as indispensable to its true estimate. Excellence, at the best, is only relative, not absolute, and the growth of the "Philharmonic Amateurs," viewed in connection with their very recent organization, is matter of congratulation. The last concert, it is true, indicated some attempts to grapple with musical subjects as yet above the powers of the society, but there was so much that was really good as to condone the comparative failure. The lighter orchestral numbers were charmingly given, and the solos were worthy of any concert. Dr. Leopold Damrosch, the accomplished leader, gave an exquisite interpretation of Vieuxtemps's first *concerto* in E worthy of any violin *virtuoso* of the age. The reputation of Dr. Damrosch as a gifted and scholarly musician, is far short of his merits, and it is to be hoped that the future growth of the society, of which he is the head, will constitute a medium for impressing himself on the musical culture of the time. Miss Henriette Beebe sang Ardit's "L'Estasi Waltz" in a delicious style, and Mr. Romeyn was excellent in his tenor rendering from Millard's "Deborah," the composer himself having led the accompaniment. There is in this organization the promise of a noble body of musicians, with that schooling which comes of steady devotion and long labor, and, it may be, one day they will make their older namesakes look to their laurels. At all events, we cannot have too many attempts at orchestral organizations. Even though they fail, they constitute so many landmarks and guide-posts in musical improvement.

The *New-York Observer* ventures to discuss the business failure of Edwin Booth, which it terms "a witness to the truth we have so often proclaimed, that the drama in its best estate will not be supported by the public. As supported, it is low, demoralizing, and, to all pure minds, disgusting. Even as Booth would have it, it is impracticable. As we would love to have it and enjoy it, it is Utopian and millennial." This is too much ! There ought to be a law to suppress ignorant cant. The *Observer* is talking about something of which it absolutely knows nothing. Mr. Booth's failure arose quite as much from the fact that he did not give us the "drama in its best estate," as from any thing else. He produced a num-

ber of Shakespearean plays with a very lavish expenditure upon scenery and dresses, but with actors of recognized inferiority. He never had a company at his theatre that was not essentially provincial, never one that was not the poorest and weakest in the city. Mr. Booth erected a splendid dramatic temple, but at a cost so excessive that no practicable revenue could meet running expenses and the heavy interest on the investment. The expenses of a costly location of a building constructed on liberal but not on economical principles were balanced, most unwisely, by economy in salaries — that is, by economy just where it would prove most disastrous. And yet Mr. Booth's Shakespearean revivals were great successes so far as attendance could make them so, although there was always a complaint of bad acting in all the parts below the leading ones. Mr. Booth as a traveling star can make from three to five hundred dollars a night ; but he has become tired of emptying his earnings into the great sponge which he calls his theatre. Hence, the bankrupt. Wallack, with a better company, with better plays, with the drama "in its best estate," has made a fortune. Booth, as an actor, can make his fortune ; as a manager he has failed because he is not a good manager — neither economically nor artistically. As for the "low, demoralizing drama," of which the *Observer* prates, there was never a time in the history of the stage when the public supported a purer drama. As we have repeatedly pointed out, a strictly-pure drama is almost the invention of this generation.

The performance of Dr. Crotch's oratorio of "Palestine," at Exeter Hall, in London, has stirred up no little musical interest among our English cousins, not only on account of the immediate interest of the work, but as an evidence of what the old school of English musicians could do. Dr. Crotch was the first Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, an Oxford professor, and altogether a remarkable man. He has always been recognized as the composer of some of the most remarkable anthems, glees, and other four-part compositions ; but, with this reintroduction of his more pretentious works to the public, he is likely to rise to a higher plane of estimation. Dr. Crotch in his youth was hailed as the English Mozart, so extraordinary was his precocity, and, though he failed to justify the appellation in after-years, there can be no doubt that he makes good the claim to a marked and original genius, which has passed into an undeserved neglect.

The choruses of "Palestine" are spoken of by the *Musical World* as models of contrapuntal craftsmanship and exquisite color-shading, even where they lack the massive sublimity of the old German masters ; and the solos are said to be replete with the true Handelian pathos, as well as highly dramatic and picturesque in their style of musical succession. The instrumentation is approved by the same authority as masterly. It would be well for some of our own societies to place this work in their *répertoire* for future use. English music has not been so rich in creative wealth that we can afford to neglect any of its genuine masterpieces.

A new Russian opera, "The Maid of Pleiskan," by a composer bearing the highly-euphonious name of Nicolai Remsky Korsakow, was produced on New-Year's eve at the Maria Theatre, St. Petersburg. There has been of late years a great impulse in the direction of national opera in the land of the Muscovites.

and this opera is said to be one of its most peculiar and characteristic results. The musical school of the composer seems to be that of aggravated Wagnerism—the Slavonic spirit of Oriental exaggeration having been infused into the art-forms of the great German, without a retention of his essential beauties. The *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* speaks of the work as an interesting and historically-instructive dramatic performance, but as not entitled to the denomination of opera, except that it has one good solo and two or three effective choruses. Of operatic or melodic style there is no trace, even in the recitative, and, in the instrumentation, the composer is said to write in dissonances, just as others write in consonances.

One of the causes of the misunderstanding of the purpose and value of the Wagner music, has been that musicians have measured him by the ease with which his methods may be abused by weak imitators. This has come to be so much the case in Russia, that the critics of that distant region now begin to claim that Wagner stole his ideas from hints in Russian music. Poor Wagner! this is the last feather of insult to break the camel's back.

Sir Julius Benedict, in a late lecture before the Royal Institution, claims for Carl Maria von Weber, whose pupil he was, the essential reforms in modern operatic music. Weber was the first to conceive the idea of basing national opera upon popular legends; and, it is stated, curiously enough, that among the subjects originally chosen for treatment was the legend of the "Tannhäuser," which Fate reserved for (according to Sir Julius) the less capable hands of Richard Wagner. It was Weber who chiefly relieved German opera from the stupid fictions still worn by Italian opera. In Weber we see the natural illustration of dramatic ideas and situations, all the forms of active, sentient life, without the absolute subordination of music to poetry. Unless for "Der Freischütz," "Robert le Diable" would never have been written by Meyerbeer; nor could Wagner's "Tannhäuser" ever have seen the light without Weber's "Euryanthe." Sir Julius Benedict also considers the same composer's sonatas as the rival of Beethoven's; his "Concertstück" as the progenitor of Mendelssohn's concertos; and his songs as rivals of Schubert's. According to the enthusiastic lecturer, there is no form in which his hero has not rivaled the most glorious, each in his specialty. It is a beautiful sight to see such hero-worship in one who is himself a distinguished musician and composer.

A new drama, in Paris, entitled "Les Deux Orphelines," by MM. Dernery and Cormon, is spoken of as a success, although the story in some particulars is commonplace. Two girls, erroneously supposed by the spectators to be sisters, arrive in Paris, and are separated by the agency of a libertine marquis, who has cast his eyes upon one of them. From this danger *Henriette* escapes. She is, however, sent by the *Comte de Sintires*, the lieutenant of police, whose nephew has fallen in love with her, to the *Sainte-Étiennne*, whence she is to be dispatched, like *Manon Lescaut*, to Guiana. From this peril, also, she is freed by the devotion of a girl, who takes her place, and she is, in time, united to the man she loves. Louise, her companion, meanwhile, who is blind, becomes subject to an atrocious couple, who send her out to beg, and live upon her earnings. Ultimately, she is proved to be the daughter of a countess. This rather old-fashioned story made a strong impression on the spectators, principally, however, it is said, on account of the admirable manner in which it was acted.

The composers of the present day would indignantly refuse the prices for their works which Beethoven gladly accepted for his. John Milton received but five pounds sterling for the MS. of "Paradise Lost," and the musical Milton of Germany had a similar experience. An operetta brings

now, to an ordinary musician, more than Beethoven received for all of his immortal nine symphonies! At the composer's death, two hundred numbers of MSS. music only brought seven hundred florins. The great choral symphony was knocked down at six hundred florins. The whole product of the auction sale, exclusive of the ninth symphony, amounted to twelve hundred florins, a considerable portion of which was absorbed by the expenses.

A stage-version of the Lady-Dedlock story, in Dickens's "Bleak House," has been produced at Booth's Theatre, under the title of "Chasney Wold," with the famous tragedienne Jananschek, both as *Lady Dedlock* and as *Hortense*, the French waiting-maid. The contrast in the two delineations—the repressed suffering and dignified repose of *Lady Dedlock*, with the cajolery, the spite, the shrug, the cynicism of *Hortense*—all of which are given by the actress with remarkable fidelity to Dickens's portrait, give the representation great interest. Like all dramatized versions of novels, the play is far from being satisfactory; but the vivid characterization of some of the parts largely compensates for other deficiencies.

M. Petit, a French basso, has recently made some innovation on the conventional method of "doing" *Mephistopheles* in "Faust." He acts the part with the slight limp with which the idea of the devil, when he alighted on his little playground of earth, was always associated. The Italians were at first emphatic in their condemnation of the fancy; but, with repeated presentations, became so much enraptured with M. Petit's reading, rendering, and dressing of the part, that they are likely to exact it in future of all others.

M. Gounod's latest work, "Jeanne d'Arc," has been produced in England, under his direction, as a *cantata*; that is, a drama with music alone, the sister arts of poetry and painting being excluded. For a strictly dramatic composer, this is a critical test. The novelty, originality, and calibre of the music, are said to be extraordinary, as effects of all kinds are to be produced in illustrating human passions and emotions without any background of artistic illusion.

Science and Invention.

SINCE the earliest application of steam as the source of mechanical motion, inventors have been in search of methods for directing this new force without the intervention of complex mechanical devices. When the power is needed for the running of machinery—that is, in the form of mechanical motion—the present improved forms of steam-engines doubtless represent the most economical and satisfactory method of applying it; but there is a certain class of results which can doubtless be attained in a more direct way than that of the drive-wheel of the engine; and among these are the elevation of fluids, and the compression of gases. Of these, the former is by far the most important; and hence any simple yet efficient device that may compass this important end deserves mention. In adopting, as a feature of these notes, the illustrated description of recent mechanical devices and discoveries, we would briefly state that the sole purpose is to keep our readers informed as to all advances made in the more important departments of applied science. Hence it should be distinctly understood that the presentation of these illustrated descriptions does not imply our endorsement of their claims, which endorsement must be sought for from headquarters only. Although these notices are given solely in the interest of the reader, it is but justice to the ingenious inventors to state that only such inventions as involve some new principle, or novel application of an old one, shall find a place in these columns. With this brief explanation, which is designed to cover all future

as well as present action, we would direct attention to a new device, here illustrated, and for which letters-patent have recently been granted. The pulsometer is the appropriate name given by the inventor to a compact and simple combination of valves and air-chambers, by means of which the expansive power of steam is at once utilized, and its tremendous force applied to the elevation and distribution of fluids, water in particular. A reference to



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

the illustrations will render but a brief explanation necessary. In Fig. 1 we have a sectional view of the whole contrivance, while Fig. 2 represents the closed vessel ready for action. Referring to the first figure, we notice two chambers with long necks, which join at S. Immediately above this point of union the steam is admitted from an adjoining boiler. Directly beneath, and resting upon the lower projecting edge formed by the union of the two necks, is a rubber ball-valve, which rests so loosely as to be readily transferred from one side to the other, thus closing first one and then the opposite air-chamber. At the lower ends of the two chambers are separate ball-valves, arranged as shown in the figure; while beneath there is the supply-pipe D, which terminates in the reservoir from which the water is to be drawn. B represents an ordinary air-chamber, designed to regulate the flow; while the pipe projecting from the chamber K (Fig. 1) is that through which the water finds vent. In applying this magic pump, it is only needed to attach the pipe D to the supply-pipe, and then introduce the steam by means of a valve. The manner in which the suction is obtained is thus described: The top ball-valve, at S (Fig. 1), is sent to one side; the steam presses down the water through the valve to and into the delivery-pipe. When the water-level is depressed to a certain line in A (Fig. 1), the whole of the steam is condensed, as well by impulsion as by admixture with the rushing water. An instant vacuum is the result, reversing the valves. The steam takes to the other chamber, A, while the vacuum caused in the first chamber fills. This filling and emptying of the chambers continues as long as the steam is applied, the water being expelled with considerable force, and in a series of pulsations which are suggested by the name chosen for the device.

Mysterious as was the physical organism of the now departed Siamese twins, it was simple in comparison with that of the double girl known as the "Two-headed Nightingale." A detailed account of this strange creature was recently furnished, by M. Paul Bert, to the Society of Anthropology, Paris. From a report of this paper we condense as follows: Instead of a union effected by means of a short connecting link of muscular tissue, the bodies of these girls are united at the level of the last

two lumbar vertebrae. Thus there is a complete community of sensibility in the lower members of the body. The perception of sensation is not identical, however; for, while it is normal in the one, in the other it is confused, incomplete, and lacking in precision. Though the heads are distinct, separate organs, each has control over a separate set of muscles, the right head commanding exclusively the two right lower limbs, and the left head the limbs upon its side. The two hearts beat separately, and with a slight difference in rapidity, which appears in the right radial pulse. There seems to exist an intimate relation between their nervous and digestive organs; thus, when one has a sick headache, it is not long before the other is similarly affected. When young, their hunger was satisfied when either was fed; but it is now necessary to feed each separately. In character they are much alike, though mentally they seem independent; one can read while the other engages in conversation, or one head can converse in English while the other is speaking French. During sleep they frequently have the same dreams at the same time. The problem presented to the physiologist and biologist in this dual existence is one that deserves the most thoughtful consideration, and its physical organization presents a mystery as far above that of the Siamese brothers as was theirs above that of any single individual.

From *THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY* we learn that the highest death-rates in 1873 was exhibited by Memphis, where the deaths were 44.6 in each 1,000 inhabitants. Other cities followed in this order: Savannah, 39.2; Vicksburg, 36.5; Troy, 34; Hoboken, 39.9; New York, 32.7; Newark, 31.6; New Orleans, 30.6; Boston, 30.5. The rate for Philadelphia was only 26.1; Brooklyn, 28.1; St. Louis, 31; Chicago, 27.6; Baltimore, 25.1; Cincinnati, 20.5; San Francisco, 17.2. This compares not unfavorably with the mortuary statistics of British cities, where the lowest rate was 21.4; that of London, Bombay, and Calcutta, show only 23.2 and 25, respectively. The highest known death-rate prevailed in Valparaiso, Chili, 65.9. The variation of rates in our American cities calls for an investigation as to the cause. Why should Hoboken be twice as unhealthy as some of the Western cities?

Rear-Admiral C. H. Davis, having relieved Rear-Admiral Sands in charge of the Naval Observatory, and Professor Peirce having resigned from the Coast Survey, there were caused two vacancies in the Transit of Venus Commission, which have been filled by Admiral Davis and Captain Patterson. The commission now consists of Admiral Davis, Captain Patterson, Professors Henry, Harkness, and Newcombe, Professor Peirce and Admiral Sands being retained as honorary members. The expedition will leave New York for the observing stations in the South Pacific during May next.

We learn from *Nature* that a project is on foot for the erection of a public aquarium at Liverpool, and a company has been formed for this purpose, a suitable site has been secured close to the Philharmonic Hall, and operations will be commenced at once. The estimated cost is forty-five thousand pounds.

The action of the queen, in granting a pension to the children of Livingstone, would seem to justify the conclusion that the distinguished traveler is actually dead, since no such official action would be taken until the evidence had been carefully sifted.

Contemporary Sayings.

"**N**o society in the world at this moment lends itself less to the production of scenic effect," says the *Nation*, discussing the prospects of the Centennial Exposition. "It is not a brilliant society, in the sense in which European artists, manufacturers, and courtiers, use the term. Its great results are moral results. There is very little to show for the Declaration of Independence, except what cannot be shown either in Philadelphia or anywhere else in the world, viz., a prodigious addition to the sum of human happiness and hopefulness. You cannot put this under a glass case, label it, and number it, and ask foreigners to admire it and beat it if they can. We have few buildings of beauty or magnitude. Our cities are plain and badly kept. We have no great military force. Our great assemblies are not remarkable for any of the things that strike the artistic eye—splendor of dress or polish of manners. In short, any attempt to describe our progress or condition through a great edifice and the arrangement of its contents, would necessarily be a failure and misrepresentation."

Mr. James Rees says, in his "Life of Edwin Forrest," that the great actor had a perfect infatuation for the circus when a young man, and would often steal off to perform in the ring. "On one occasion, for a wager, he appeared in the ring in a 'still-vaulting' act, being for the benefit of 'Bill Gates,' a well-known *attaché* of the circus. Forrest had the privilege in this wager to disguise himself, so as not to be recognized, if possible, by his theatrical friends. His dress consisted of an enormous pair of Turkish trousers, breast-plate, and fly; his feet were adorned with a pair of sheepskin pumps, the kind worn by a numerous train of auxiliaries. But few knew him, however. On another occasion he tendered his services for the benefit of 'Charley Young,' on which eventful night, the last of his acrobatic feats, he made a flying leap through a barrel of red fire, singeing his hair and eyebrows terribly."

The *Christian Union* says that, while he made his stay in this country, Professor Goldwin Smith "gave his time, his invaluable counsels, his charming gifts as a teacher, his instructive services as a public lecturer—all without money and without price. Nay, he was, in the matter of money, a benefactor rather than a beneficiary. He brought over his rich private library, and gave that to the university to which he had already given himself; he aided poor students; he was the adviser of those who had doubts and difficulties; he was the quiet, helpful friend of mechanics and working-men; and, in ways innumerable, without the least noise or ostentation, he went about doing good. His life among us has, perhaps, but one precedent in American history, and that is the memorable and benignant visit of Bishop Berkeley a hundred and fifty years ago."

The *Full Mail Gazette* asks: "Is the prevalence of a 'universal language' a thing to be calculated on?" It answers: "Our inclination is to the affirmative. General Grant, some time ago, was pleased to announce it, with presidential positiveness, as a certainty; and Yankee prophecies have, somehow or other, a trick of making themselves fulfilled. As the world now goes on, it is certainly conceivable that the extreme convenience of the change will one day produce—whether preceded by wars and conquests, or merely the result of arrangement—an 'international language convention' between the leading civilized nations, under which some one language shall be received everywhere as legal currency for common purposes, the others surviving only in the precarious condition of dialects."

In an entry in his "Scrap-Book" for 1841, Dr. Chambers says: "Mr. Leigh Hunt, with whom I supped this evening, told me that he had observed a young spider sporting about its parent, running up to and away from it in a playful manner. He has likewise watched a kitten amusing itself by running along past its mother, to whom she always gave a little pat

on the cheek as she passed. The elder cat endured the pats tranquilly for a while; but at length, becoming irritated, she took an opportunity to hit her offspring a blow on the side of the head, which sent the little creature spinning to the other side of the room, where she looked extremely puzzled at what had happened. An irritated human being would have acted in precisely the same manner."

In a private letter addressed to a friend, Mr. Wm. H. Herndon tries to tell what Lincoln really was: "Mr. Lincoln was a kind, tender, and sympathetic man, feeling deeply in the presence of suffering, pain, wrong, or oppression in any shape; he was the very essence and substance of truth; was of unbounded veracity, had unlimited integrity, always telling the exact truth, and always doing the honest thing at all times and under all circumstances. He was just to men; he loved the right, the good, and true with all his soul. I was with Mr. Lincoln for about twenty-five years, and I can truthfully say I never knew him to do a wrong thing, never knew him to do a mean thing, never knew him to do any little dirty trick."

The *Nation* says of the statue of Elias Howe, the sewing-machine inventor, prepared for Central Park, that "the figure is a mechanical bit of portraiture, without elevation and without art. It is liked by the confidants of the sewing-machine trade, because it minutely represents the hat, the staff, the neck-gear, and the button-holes which were the equipment of the excellent mechanician when living. The statue, too, is praised for so happily hitting off its subject's legs, which in life, and when in a natural standing position, approached too closely at the knees for ideal symmetry. The sculptor likewise offers some bass-relief of sewing-girls and the like, designed in the most modest style of familiar gravestone art."

In an article, in the *Quarterly Review*, on the late Mrs. Somerville, the writer says: "For one feature of the by-gone order of things which had no little importance in her early destiny, a phase of life was then very common which is now exceedingly rare, and perhaps only to be found in a few quiet old towns in France and Germany. We may describe it as that of High-bred Frugality. Well-born people might be poor, and might live with the strictest parsimony, and eke out their scanty means by self-help and contrivances of a sort which would expose them to the unmitigated derision of the modern kitchen, and yet, nevertheless, as a matter of course, take their place always and everywhere among the best in the land."

Mr. Maunsell B. Field, in his amusing "Memoirs of Many Men and Some Women," says of Charles Dickens, whom he met at Rome, that "his powers of rapid absorption and of accurate attention must have exceeded those of other men;" for he "particularly recalls the circumstance" that, at one of the most imposing ceremonies of St. Peter's, during the Holy Week, he kept his eyes upon Mr. Dickens, "who was standing listlessly leaning against a column, apparently paying no attention whatever to what was going on; and yet, in his book on Rome, he gives a most minute and graphic description of that very ceremony."

The *Saturday Review*, in a notice of Mrs. Ames's "Outlines," says: "The description of the former residence of General Lee—now a military cemetery—is made an occasion for an insult to the widow of the noblest soldier and gentleman America ever produced, hardly paralleled even by Butler's brutal taunt to the sick wife of General Beauregard; and General Lee himself is reviled in terms which, if they represent any wide-spread feeling in the North, must make reconciliation and reunion impossible so long as Southerners retain either the pride of manhood or the common feelings of humanity."

"If one were to judge from appearances," says a recent writer, "few men are more unlike each other than MM. Erckmann-Chatrian. The latter is of middle height; he is very dark, and his complexion rather swarthy. He looks more like a portrait of Velasquez than like an Alsatian. Erckmann is his physical antithesis.

He is a tall and rather bulky man, with a broad, full, smiling face, and eyes sparkling with gaiety and joy behind their gold spectacles. His manners are supremely frank and hearty. M. Chatrian is cold, reserved, almost icy in his way; M. Erckmann is as expressive as possible."

"It is no wonder," the *Saturday Review* thinks, commenting upon Forster's just-issued last volume of his life of the great novelist, "that Dickens was more or less intoxicated when he found that, besides being the most popular writer, he could be the most popular actor of the time; that thousands of people would have to be turned away from the rooms where he was reading; that the emotions of the audience would follow his lightest gesture, and that women would have to be carried out of the room by the dozen, 'stiff and rigid,' when he read the murder-scene from 'Oliver Twist.'"

The *Saturday Review* does not agree with Mr. Morley in his estimate of Rousseau. It says: "Done into plain prose, Rousseau becomes not only an exceedingly contemptible, but really a very commonplace, humbug. There have always been plenty of Rousseaus in the world. He was a lazy, selfish, dirty, lying, canting, ill-conditioned vagabond, who shirked honest work, accepted alms and snarled at the hands that fed him, and whined and raved against the world because he was himself such a nasty and ignoble creature."

"The Americans," the *Saturday Review* tells us, "à propos of Mr. Mansell B. Field's 'Memoirs of Many Men,'" "are known to be the keenest and most pertinacious sight-seers in the world; and, among the curious sights of foreign countries, they usually include all persons of distinction. Public men, in their opinion, are public property, whom every one is entitled to follow about, stare at, interview, analyze, and anatomize, as opportunity serves, with perfect liberty to publish the most minute confidential details of the investigation."

Canon Charles Kingsley says: "Fourier is dear to me to-day. I am, in the true and highest sense of the word, a socialist, and I have always been; not that I learned it from Fourier, but from a man far older and wiser than Fourier—my master, Plato. . . . I read Plato in the public schools when I was a lad, and Plato's 'Republic' has been the lodestar and the guiding genius of my political and social thought; and I hope it will remain so until I die."

Says the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "The heart not only knows its own bitterness, but is far more intimately acquainted with it than the well-in-tinted persons who, by their kindly endeavors to solace the woes of their friends, often add a double pungency to the pang that excites their compassion."

The London *Hornet* gives the following as one of the effects of the late royal marriage: "Bookseller: 'Will you have these volumes bound in Russia or Morocco, sir?' Retired Coal-Dealer: 'Well, if I can't have 'em bound in London, send 'em to Russia. We must encourage that ear now, you know.'"

The *Athenaeum* objects to text-books designed to popularize science in schools. It says: "A knowledge of scientific truths may be imparted, with advantage, to the multitude, but the study of a science will ever be confined to a select few."

Professor Blackie thinks that "Fortune will never favor a man who flings away the dicebox because the first throw brings a low number."

Warm weather, according to *Penek*, is a good substitute for coal.

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

FEBRUARY 19.—Advices from Spain that General Moriones, finding the Carlist force around Bilbao stronger than he anticipated, retired, and Bilbao asks terms of surrender.

Intelligence of the death of Right Hon. Sir Thomas S. Lawrence, K. B., Earl of Howth, at Cannes, France; aged seventy-one years.

At Versailles, on the 4th of February, Count Paul de Favarny, aged eighty years, formerly garde-du-corps and captain of dragoons in the Royal Guard of France. At Leipzig, on the 17th of February, Mrs. Gunther-Bachmann, the leading actress of that city.

FEBRUARY 20.—Members of the new British Cabinet, officially confirmed, as follows: *First Lord of the Treasury*, Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli. *Chancellor of the Exchequer*, Right Hon. Sir Stafford Northcote. *First Lord of the Admiralty*, Right Hon. George Ward Hunt. *Secretary of State for the Home Department*, Richard Ashton Cross. *Secretary of State for the Foreign Department*, Earl of Derby. *Secretary of State for the Colonial Department*, Earl of Carnarvon. *Secretary of State for War*, Right Hon. Gathorne Hardy. *Secretary of State for India*, Marquis of Salisbury. *Lord High Chancellor*, Lord Cairns. *Lord Privy Seal*, Earl of Malmesbury. *Lord-President of the Council*, Duke of Richmond. *Postmaster-General*, Right Hon. Lord John Manners.

Serious railroad accident near Preston, England; two persons killed, and fifteen injured.

Advices from Japan: Minister Iwakura has tendered his resignation, but the Mikado refuses to accept it. The people clamor for war against the Coreans. This or civil war thought to be inevitable. A serious insurrection broken out in the district of Fuzen. Telegraph-lines destroyed.

Advices from Panama of a military mutiny among the soldiers at Lima, caused by dissatisfaction at being continually refused leave to go beyond the barracks. A desperate attack was made by the mutineers upon the picket, and after an hour's resistance the rebels surrendered. Thirteen were killed, and thirty wounded.

Intelligence of the death, at Havana, of Mr. Larentrie, formerly consul of U. S. at Havana.

FEBRUARY 21.—Advices from Calcutta that a number of persons have died from famine in the district of Nepal.

The new steamship *Leasing*, of the Eagle Line, between New York and Hamburg, successfully launched at Glasgow.

Intelligence of the death, at Lima, Peru, of Edward McCall, the oldest representative of the U. S. in Lima. Death, at Raleigh, N. C., of Rev. R. S. Mason, D. D.

FEBRUARY 22.—Advices from Japan, via London, that the insurrection near Nagasaki is spreading. The insurgents are advancing on that place, and at last accounts the foreign residents are preparing to leave.

Advices from Madrid: Severe fighting has been going on in Biscay. General Dorregary, with 25,000 insurgents, holds the heights above Somorrostro. The Carlists have taken the town of Vinaroy, in Valencia.

The Alsatian deputies have withdrawn from the German Reichstag, and returned to Strasbourg.

Conflagration at Avon, N. Y.; nearly all the business portion of the village destroyed.

Deaths: At Lisbon, on the 8th of February, Count de Seixal, minister of Portugal at Paris. At London, Captain M. Tweedie, R. A., formerly of the Royal Artillery, and justice of the peace for Kent, aged eighty-three years.

FEBRUARY 23.—Report that 200,000 persons are suffering for want of food in the districts of Tirhoot and Boghipoor, presidency of Bengal.

Advices of the capture of an important fort by the Dutch troops in Acheen.

Advices that General Gonzales was installed as President of Santo Domingo on the 27th of January. All members of ex-President Baez's family banished from the country. Severe earthquake at Lagunayra, Venezuela.

Riot at the municipal election at Eufaula, Ala. Several negroes and whites killed.

Deaths: At London, Charles Shirley Brooks, journalist, novelist, and dramatic author; aged fifty-nine years. At New York, Police-Commissioner Henry Smith, aged fifty-three years.

FEBRUARY 24.—Advices from Madrid of the capture of Portugalete by the national forces. General Moriones, with 22,000 men, now confronts the main body of Carlists, and a general engagement is hourly expected.

Advices from Mexico: A quarrel between the citizens of Quimixtlan and Huasca de Ocampo, State of Vera Cruz, resulted in the killing of seventeen persons. It is reported that the Huascaicans afterward went to Quimixtlan and began an indiscriminate massacre.

The insurrection in Yucatan continues.

Death, at London, of Thomas Binyon, LL. D., D. D., an eminent theological writer, aged 75.

FEBRUARY 25.—Advices from the Gold Coast, Africa: Previous reports that General Wolseley had entered Coomassie prove untrue; on the contrary, a great battle is reported as having occurred, January 31st, near Coomassie, in which the British lost heavily, with no decided results. Subsequent dispatches from General Wolseley report a battle, in which the British are victorious, and that the king was prepared to sign a treaty of peace.

Rumor from Spain of the defeat of General Moriones by the Carlists before Bilbao.

Death, at Charleston, of Rev. John Bachman, D. D., LL. D., Lutheran clergyman, and distinguished as a naturalist, aged 84. Death, at Fall River, Mass., of Richard Borden, extensive mill-owner of the town.

Notices.

THE WATERS CONCERTO PIANO ORGAN.—We are glad to chronicle any new thing, or any improvement upon an old one, that tends to popularize music, by rendering its study either easier or more attractive. Lately our attention has been called to a new patented stop added to the Waters Reed Organ, called the concerto stop. It is so voiced as to have a tone like a full, rich alto voice; it is especially "human" in its tone. It is powerful as well as sweet, and, when we heard it, we were in doubt whether we liked it best in solo or with full organ. We regard this as a valuable addition to the reed organ.—*Rural New Yorker.*

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